THE BEAUTIES OF MODERN BRITISH POETRY,

SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED

BY

DAVID GRANT

Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays
WORDSWORTH

SECOND EDITION

ABERDEEN.
GEORGE AND ROBERT KING
26, ST NICHOLAS STREET, AND
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO, LONDON

1845

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN,

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT,

This Volume

WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION,

GRATEFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

In this new Edition of "The Beauties of Modern British Poetry" the Editor has made several improvements, which, he ventures to hope, may be found to increase the claims of the volume on the public favour. While the chief feature by which the work is distinguished from other collections of Poetry, viz., the grouping together of pieces on the same subject by different poets, has been strictly retained, a few of them have been omitted, in order to leave room for others of higher merit; and a more systematic arrangement of the whole has been attempted. In this enlarged and improved form, it is now offered to the public at less than half the former price, so as to bring it within reach of all classes of readers.

With regard to the merits of this selection, it is almost unnecessary to say any thing. The pieces of which it is composed will speak for themselves, and the mere names of their immortal authors are a sufficient guarantee for their excellence. The subjects treated of are of varied and thrilling interest. Almost every object in nature which can either captivate by its beauty, or elevate by its grandeur—every scene of human life that can warm the heart, or kindle the imagination—together with those more sublime and interesting themes which

are revealed in the sacred volume, are here, by the magic hand of genius, illustrated and enshrined in the attractive form of Poetry. The reader is thus, as it were, conducted through an extensive gallery of pictures by the first masters, in which he may walk and linger at pleasure, at once improving his taste and enjoying some of the purest delights of which his moral and intellectual nature is susceptible.

The Editor has only farther to say, that he commits the volume to the public, trusting that it will be found suitable for being given as a Token of Friendship, or a Reward of Merit, as well as for adorning the private library; and earnestly desiring that it may be made conducive to the advancement of society in virtue, religion, and happiness.

EASTFIELD COTTAGE, ABERDEEN,
November, 1844.

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BEAUTIES
OF
MODERN BRITISH POETRY,
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THE

BEAUTIES

OF

MODERN BRITISH POETRY.

TRUE DIGNITY.

True Dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resigned,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.

BEATTIE.

EMINENCE

I.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils that to those summits led.

BYRON.

EMINENCE.

II.

OH, think, my son! how wild and vain
 Are all the dreams of earthly pride!
Shouldst thou the height of glory gain,
 What countless ills the great betide!
Superior pomp—superior pain—
The madness of the insatiate brain
That looks on earth with proud disdain,
 And sighs for worlds beside!
Where is the meteor flash that shone
O'er Ecbatane and Babylon,
And smote the Persian from his throne?
 Where is the self-exalted god?
The hero of immortal birth—
The lord of Macedon—and earth—
 Is now a vile and nameless clod.
A few short hours—and they who bowed
The meanest of the servile crowd,
Had spurned the mass of lifeless clay,
As on its kindred earth it lay,
In loathsomeness of foul decay.
Great Cæsar rued the hour that gave
The free-born Roman for his slave;
And who—for all his sated pride—
Would wish to die as Marius died?
Know—heroes were by Heaven designed,
 (If heroes, men like these we call,)
 To rise upon their country's fall,
To glut the grave, and scourge mankind.
And what their guilty toil repays?
That falsehood of dissembled praise
Which Flattery's glozing tongue adorns,
And Vice extols—while Virtue mourns.
Yes—e'en the fame, for which was given
The love of man—the bliss of Heaven—
The tale of after times—nay—worse—
Becomes a proverb and a curse.
Oh, spurn, my son! the hero's name,
And shun the infamy of fame;
To thee, let nobler praise be given,
The friend of man! the loved of Heaven!—DALE.

THE GOOD ALONE ARE GREAT.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home;
It hopes in time to roam no more:
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joys sincere,
The good alone are great:
Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise:
As when along the trophied plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While shouting nations gaze.

BEATTIE.

LOWLINESS OF MIND.

O! I would walk
A weary journey, to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning? the parade
Of letters and of tongues? even as the mists
Of the grey morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish.—Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

WHITE.

INTERPOSITION.

When urged by strong temptation to the brink
Of guilt and ruin, stands the virtuous mind,
With scarce a step between; all-pitying Heaven,
Severe in mercy, chastening in its love,
Ofttimes, in dark and awful visitation,
Doth interpose, and lead the wanderer back
To the straight path, to be for ever after
A firm, undaunted, onward-bearing traveller,
Strong in humility, who swerves no more.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

VIRTUE.

I.

The heart, unaltered in its mood,
That joys alone in doing good,
And follows in the heavenly road,
And steps where once an angel trod,—
The joys within such heart that burn,
No loss can quench, nor time o'erturn!
The Stars may from their orbits bend,
The Mountains rock, the Heavens rend,
The Sun's last ember cool and quiver,
But Virtue still shall glow for ever.

VIRTUE.

II.

As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene:—like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; Virtue thus

Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment, nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

WORDSWORTH.

VIRTUE.

III.

By thee inspired, O Virtue! age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue:
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow;
Brightens the joyous aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:
But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams;
Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
And Beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

BEATTIE.

HUMBLE AND UNNOTICED VIRTUE.

O my son!
The ostentatious Virtues which still press
For notice and for praise; the brilliant deeds
Which live but in the eye of observation—
These have their meed at once; but there's a joy
To the fond votaries of fame unknown,—
To hear the still small voice of conscience speak
Its whispering plaudit to the silent soul.
Heaven notes the sigh afflicted goodness heaves,
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard,
And, from the cheek of patient Sorrow, wipes
The tear, by mortal eye unseen, or scorned.

HANNAH MORE.

LIBERTY.

I.

O could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth has seen, or Fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly, as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of Morning shed a dawning light,
Again, when Evening, in her sober vest,
Drew the grey curtain of the fading west,
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise,
For the chief blessing of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine.

COWPER.

LIBERTY.

II.

Shall Britain, where the soul of Freedom reigns,
Forge chains for others she herself disdains?
Forbid it, Heaven! O let the nations know
The Liberty she tastes she will bestow;
Not to herself the glorious gift confined,
She spreads the blessing wide as human kind,
And, scorning narrow views of time and place,
Bids all be free in earth's extended space.
What page of human annals can record
A deed* so bright as human rights restored?
O may that god-like deed, that shining page,
Redeem our fame, and consecrate our age,
And let this glory mark our favoured shore,
To curb false freedom, and the true restore.
And see the cherub Mercy from above
Descending softly quits the sphere of love!
On Britain's isle she sheds her heavenly dew,
And breathes her spirit o'er the enlightened few;

* The abolition of the Slave Trade.

From soul to soul the generous influence steals,
Till every breast the soft contagion feels.
She speeds exulting to the burning shore
With the best message angels ever bore;
Hark! 'tis the note which spoke a Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high, and peace on earth!
As the mild spirit hovers o'er the coast,
A fresher hue the withered landscapes boast;
Her healing smiles the ruined scenes repair,
And blasted nature wears a joyous air;
While she proclaims through all her spicy groves,—
Henceforth your fruits, your labours, and your loves,
All that your sires possessed, or you have sown,—
Sacred from plunder—all is now your own.

HANNAH MORE.

PLEASURES EVANESCENT.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower—its bloom is shed!
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

BURNS.

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge, of all, avails the human kind,
For all beyond the grave are joys of mind.

HOGG.

HAPPINESS.

One morning in the month of May
I wandered o'er the hill;
Though Nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate,
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessëd birds around,
In which of Nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found?

The birds wild carolled over head,
The breeze around me blew,
And Nature's awful chorus said—
No bliss for man she knew.

I questioned Love, whose early ray
So rosy bright appears,
And heard the timid genius say—
His light was dimmed by tears.

I questioned Friendship: Friendship sighed,
And thus her answer gave—
The few whom fortune never turned
Were withered in the grave.

I asked if Vice could bliss bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well,
But fading from her withered brow,
The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of Feeling, if her skill
Could soothe the wounded breast;
And found her mourning, faint, and still,
For others' woes distressed.

I questioned Virtue: Virtue sighed,
No boon could she dispense—
Nor Virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble Penitence.

I questioned Death—the grisly shade
Relaxed his brow severe—
And—"I am Happiness," he said,
"If Virtue guides thee here."

HEBER.

FANCIED HAPPINESS.

Wo to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
Pity and wo! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind;
And wo to those who train such youth,
And spare to press the rights of truth,
The mind to strengthen and anneal,
While on the stithy glows the steel;
Oh! teach him, while your lessons last,
To judge the present by the past;
Remind him of each wish pursued,
How rich it glowed with promised good;
Remind him of each wish enjoyed,
How soon his hopes possession cloyed!
Tell him we play unequal game,
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim;
And, ere he strip him for the race,
Show the conditions of the chase.
Two sisters by the goal are set,
Cold Disappointment and Regret;
One disenchants the winner's eyes,
And strips of all its worth the prize,
While one augments its gaudy show,
More to enchance the loser's wo.
The victor sees his fairy gold
Transformed, when won, to drossy mould:
But still the vanquished mourns his loss,
And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

SCOTT.

TRUE HAPPINESS NOT LOCAL.

True Happiness had no localites;
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went; with Justice went;
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried; a wounded heart
Bound up; a bruisëd spirit, with the dew
Of sympathy anointed; or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury,

Repeated oft, as oft by Love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish,—
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness descending, sat and smiled.

POLLOK.

THE HAPPY MAN.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a world unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.

COWPER.

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

When are we happiest?—when the light of morn
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;
When cheerful sounds, upon the fresh winds borne,

Tell man resumes his work with blither zest,
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen—
Are we the happiest then?

Alas, those roses!—they will fade away,
And thunder-tempests will deform the sky;
And summer heats bid the spring buds decay,
And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry;
And nothing beauteous may adorn the scene,
To tell what it has been!

When are we happiest?—in the crowded hall,
When Fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee?
How soon—how very soon, such pleasures pall!
How fast must Falsehood's rainbow colouring flee;
Its poison flowerets leave the sting of care;
We are not happy there!

Are we the happiest, when the evening hearth
Is circled with its crown of living flowers?
When goeth round the laugh of harmless mirth,
And when Affection from her bright urn showers
Her richest balm on the dilating heart?
Bliss! is it there thou art?

Oh, no! not there; it would be happiness
Almost like heaven's, if it might always be,
Those brows without one shading of distress,
And wanting nothing but eternity;
But they are things of earth, and pass away,—
They must, they must decay!

Those voices must grow tremulous with years,
Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom,
Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,
And, at the last, close darkly in the tomb.
If happiness depend on them alone,
How quickly is it gone!

When are we happiest, then?—oh! when resigned
To whatsoe'er our cup of life may bring;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
Creatures of earth! and trust alone in him
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain.
Oh! we are happiest then!

MARY A. BROWNE.

FORCE OF AFFECTION.

O! MANY a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer never meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

SCOTT.

PATERNAL AFFECTION.

I.

SOME feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And, if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious Fathers shed
Upon a duteous Daughter's head.

PATERNAL AFFECTION.

II.

OF all the knots which Nature ties,
The secret, sacred sympathies,
That, as with viewless chains of gold,
The heart a happy prisoner hold,—
None is more chaste, more bright, more pure,
Stronger stern trials to endure—
None is more purged of earthly leaven,
More like the love of highest heaven—
Than that which binds, in bonds how blest,
A Daughter to a Father's breast!

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

PATERNAL AFFECTION.

III.

The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,
And the swart seaman, sailing far below,
Not undelighted watch the morning ray
Purpling the orient—till it breaks away,
And burns and blazes into glorious day!
But happier still is he, who turns to trace
The sun, the soul, just dawning in the face;
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,
The thoughts and passions stirring into life;
The forming utterance, the enquiring glance,
The giant waking from his tenfold trance,
Till up he starts, as conscious when he came,
And all is light within the trembling frame!
What then a Father's feelings? joy and fear
Prevail in turn, joy most; and through the year
Tempering the ardent, urging night and day
Him who shrinks back or wanders from the way,
Praising each highly—from a wish to raise
Their merits to the level of his praise.
Onward in their observing sight he moves,
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves!
Their sacred presence who shall dare profane?
Who, when he slumbers, hope to fix a stain?
He lives a model in his life to show,
That, when he dies, and through the world they go,
Some men may pause and say, when some admire,
"They are his sons, and worthy of their sire!"

ROGERS.

FRIENDSHIP.

I.

Friendship, contracted with the wicked,
Decreases from hour to hour,
Like the early shadow of the morning;
But if Friendship be formed with the virtuous,
It will increase like the shadow of the evening,
Till the sun of life shall set.

HERDER.

FRIENDSHIP.

II.

MANY sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasing to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend,—
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget,
My early friends, friends of my chequered day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love,
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
Oh! I remember, and will ne'er forget,
Our meeting-spots, our chosen sacred hours;
Our burning words, that uttered all the soul;
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.
As birds of social feather helping each
His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth
With all her tardy, leaden-footed cares,
And talked the speech, and ate the food of Heaven.

FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessëd clime
Where life is not a breath,

Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
  Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
  Formed for the good alone;
And Faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
  Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
  To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

ALL MEN BRETHREN.

CHILDREN we are all
Of one great Father, in whatever clime
His providence hath cast the seed of life,
All tongues, all colours: neither after death
Shall we be sorted into languages
And tints,—white, black, and tawny, Greek and Goth,
Northmen, and offspring of hot Africa.
The all-seeing Father,—he in whom we live and move,—
He, the impartial Judge of all,—regards
Nations, and hues, and dialects alike.
According to their works shall they be judged,
When even-handed Justice, in the scale,
Their good and evil weighs.

SOUTHEY.

CHARITY.

I.

O CHARITY! our helpless nature's pride!
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside!

Is there in Morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tired pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy flame?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
The azure heaven, or purple lights of morn?
Is aught so fair in evening's lingering gleam,
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam,
That falls, like saddest moonlight on the hill,
And distant grove, when the wide world is still?
Thine are the ample views, that, unconfined,
Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind:
Thine is the spirit, that, with widest plan,
Brother to brother binds, and man to man.
When the fleet vanities of life's brief day
Oblivion's hurrying wing shall sweep away,
Each act by Charity and Mercy done,
High o'er the wrecks of time, shall live alone,
Immortal as the heavens, and beauteous bloom
In other worlds, and realms beyond the tomb.

BOWLES.

CHARITY.

II.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid—
Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt glade!
She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream!
Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,
And Mercy beams benignant from her eyes!
From her high residence, from realms above,
She comes, sweet messenger of heavenly love!
The lofty pyramid shall cease to live;
Fleeting the praise such monuments can give;
But Charity, by tyrant Time revered,
Sweet Charity, amidst his ruins spared,
Secures her votaries unblasted fame,
And in celestial annals 'graves their name.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

CHARITY.

III.

An ardent spirit dwells with Christian Love,
The eagle's vigour in the pitying dove;
'Tis not enough that we with Sorrow sigh,
That we the wants of pleading man supply;
That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,
Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal:
Not these suffice—to sickness, pain, and wo,
The christian spirit loves with aid to go;
Will not be sought, waits not for Want to plead,
But seeks the duty—nay, prevents the need;
Her utmost aid to every ill applies,
And plants relief for coming miseries.

CRABBE.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

That thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee.

COWPER.

BENEVOLENCE.

I.

From the low prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe,)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land, nor these alone;
All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own.

BEATTIE.

BENEVOLENCE.

II.

HAIL, source of pleasures ever new!
While thy kind dictates I pursue,
 I taste a joy sincere;
Too high for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
 Their wishes and their care.

By thee inspired, the generous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
 With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
 And aid the feeble knee.

O God! with sympathetic care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
 Do thou my heart incline:
Each low, each selfish wish control,
Warm with Benevolence my soul,
 And make me wholly thine.

BLACKLOCK.

SENSIBILITY.

I.

OH! spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain,
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.

SENSIBILITY.

II.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting Sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live:
For they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.

COWPER.

SENSIBILITY.

III.

Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
Perception exquisite! fair Virtue's seed!
Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed!
Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
Instinctive kindness ere Reflection's born!
Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
The swift redress of unexamined wrongs;
Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
But always apt to choose the suffering side:
To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.
She does not feel thy power who boasts thy flame,
And rounds her every period with thy name;
Nor she who vents her disproportioned sighs
With pining Lesbia, when her sparrow dies;
Nor she who melts when hapless Shore expires,
While real misery unrelieved retires;
Who thinks feigned sorrows all her tears deserve,
And weeps o'er Werter, while her children starve.
As words are but the external marks to tell
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell,
And only are of things the outward sign,
And not the things themselves they but define;
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
And all the graceful drapery Feeling wears,
These are her garb, not her: they but express
Her form, her semblance, her appropriate dress;

And these fair marks, reluctant I relate,—
These lovely symbols may be counterfeit.
There are who fill with brilliant plaints the page,
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage;
There are who for a dying fawn deplore,
As if friend, parent, country, were no more;
Who boast, quick rapture trembling in their eye,
If from the spider's snare they snatch a fly;
There are whose well sung plaints each breast inflame,
And break all hearts—but his from whom they came.
He scorning life's low duties to attend
Writes odes on friendship while he cheats his friend:
Of gaols and punishments he grieves to hear,
And pensions prisoned Virtue with a tear;
While unpaid bills his creditor presents,
And ruined Innocence his crime laments;
O Love divine! sole source of charity!
More dear one genuine deed performed for thee,
Than all the periods Feeling ere could turn,—
Than all thy touching page, perverted Sterne.

HANNAH MORE.

THE GOOD PREACHER.

Would I describe a Preacher such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

JOHN THE BAPTIST,

DECLARING HIS SACRED MISSION.

Matt. iii.

NOT clothed in purple or fine linen—stood
The Wilderness Apostle! He was found
O'ercanopied by wild rocks fringed with wood,
Where nature's sternest scenery darkly frowned;
There stood the Seer, his loins begirt around,
With outstretched hand, bare brow, and vocal eye;
His voice, with sad solemnity of sound,
More thrilling than the eagle's startling cry,
Repent! repent!" exclaimed, "Christ's kingdom draweth nigh!"

BARTON.

SAUL THE PERSECUTOR,

JOURNEYING TO DAMASCUS.

WHOSE is that sword—that voice and eye of flame—
That heart of unextinguishable ire?
Who bears the dungeon keys, and bonds of fire?
Along his dark and withering path he came—
Death in his looks, and terror in his name,
Tempting the might of heaven's Eternal Sire.
Lo! the light shone!—the sun's veiled beams expire—
A Saviour's self a Saviour's lips proclaim!
Who is yon form, stretched on the earth's cold bed,
With smitten soul and tears of agony
Mourning the past? Bowed is the lofty head—
Rayless the orbs that flashed with victory.
Over the raging waves of human will
The Saviour's spirit walked—and all was still!

ROSCOE.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

I.

SHALL we be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to Man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?

Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No; Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive;
And Man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

BEATTIE.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

II.

This spirit shall return to him
That gave its heavenly spark:
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from death.

CAMPBELL.

FIGURE OF MERCY WITH THE BIBLE.

This book— this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high Divinity;
On every leaf bedewed with drops of Love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stampt
From first to last—this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of Time,
Stood casting on the dark her gracious bow.

POLLOK.

THE BIBLE.

I.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;

Happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch—to force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

THE BIBLE.

II.

What is the world?—A wildering maze,
Where Sin has tracked ten thousand ways,
  Her victims to ensnare;
All broad, and winding, and aslope;
All tempting with perfidious hope,
  All ending in despair;

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
  Down to eternal night.
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
  From darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible!—He alone who hath
  The Bible, need not stray:
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That light of life to all who live,
  Himself shall lose the way.

MONTGOMERY.

THE BIBLE.

III.

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of eternity! The only star,
By which the bark of man can navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss

Securely: only star, which rose on time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and, to the hills of God,—
The everlasting hills,—pointed the sinner's eye.
By prophets, seers, and priests, and sacred bards,
Evangelists, apostles, men inspired,
And, by the Holy Ghost anointed, set
Apart and consecrated, to declare
On earth the counsels of the Eternal One,
This book—this holiest, this sublimest book—
Was sent. Heaven's will, heaven's code of laws entire
To man, this book contained; defined the bounds
Of vice and virtue, and of life and death;
And what was shadow,—what was substance,—taught.
Much it revealed! important all; the least
Worth more than what else seemed of highest worth:
But this of plainest, most essential truth—
That God is one, eternal, holy, just,
Omnipotent, omniscient, infinite;
Most wise, most good, most merciful and true;
In all perfection most unchangeable.—
That man—that every man, of every clime
And hue, of every age, and every rank,
Was bad—by nature and by practice bad;
In understanding blind, in will perverse,
In heart corrupt; in every thought and word,
Imagination, passion, and desire,
Most utterly depraved throughout, and ill
In sight of heaven, though less in sight of man;
At enmity with God, his Maker, born;
And by his very life, an heir of death!
That man, that every man, was, farther, most
Unable to redeem himself, or pay
One mite of his vast debt to God!—nay, more,
Was most reluctant and averse to be
Redeemed, and sin's most voluntary slave.
That Jesus, Son of God, of Mary born
In Bethlehem, and by Pilate crucified
On Calvary, for man, thus fallen and lost,
Died; and, by death, life and salvation bought,

And perfect righteousness, for all who should
In his great name believe.

POLLOK.

THE NATIVITY.

I.

"Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."—Matt. ii. 2.

A STAR appeared and peaceful threw
Around its holy ray;
It caught the faithful Magi's view,
It led the wondrous way,
From far-famed Persia's smiling bowers,
Fair land of beauty, fruits, and flowers.

Each heart throughout the gazing throng
What anxious gladness fills,
While slowly moved that star along
O'er Judah's sacred hills;
And softly fixed its mellow light
On distant Bethlehem's joyful night.

There, unknown to rich and great,
Or the perfumed halls of state,
Where the golden lamps so bright
Mock the silence of the night,
And the strains of music tender
Rise and fall 'mid scenes of splendour,—

The Prince of Peace, so young, so fair,
In lowly state was sleeping;
While near, with kind parental care,
His mother watch was keeping.
The Magi viewed the blessed of Heaven,
Their joy was full—their gifts were given.
Let the sound of the sweet harp of Judah arise!
Let the hymns of the Gentiles ascend to the skies!

CAMPBELL.

THE NATIVITY.

II.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

HEBER.

THE NATIVITY.

III.

Luke ii.

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven burst her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they struck their harps and sang:

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of Despair.

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart:
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

CAMPBELL.

THE NATIVITY.

IV.

Lord, thou wert born of woman! Thou didst come,
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
  And not by thunders strewed
  Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burned before thee on thy way;

But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stooped their lamps the enthronëd fire on high:
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky;
The eastern sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere:
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres
Poured through the host of heaven the charmëd clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man,
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosannah's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourned with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all thine own redeemed out-bursting from their tombs.
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon, by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;

Then basked in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun :
  While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
  Consenting to thy doom,
  Ere yet the white-robed angel shone
  Upon the sealëd stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew ;
  But thou didst haste to meet
  Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few :
  Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
  Into thy native skies.
  Thy human form dissolved on high
  In its own radiancy.

MILMAN.

OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

I.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
  Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
  His reign on earth begun !

He comes to break oppression,
  To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
  And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
  To those that suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
  And bid the weak be strong ;

To give them songs for sighing ;
  Their darkness turn to light ;
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
  Were precious in his sight.

By such he shall be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, revered;
For he shall judge the poor,

Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.

Before him on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see.

With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him;
His praise all nations sing:

For he shall have dominion
On river, sea, and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For him shall prayers unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.

The tide of time shall never
The covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,—
That name to us is Love.

MONTGOMERY.

OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

II.

THE mourner*—speechless and amazed,
On that mysterious stranger gazed;
If young he were, 'twas only seen
From lines that told what once had been;—
As if the withering hand of Time
Had smote him ere he reached his prime.
The bright rose on his cheek was faded,
His pale fair brow with sadness shaded—
Yet through the settled sorrow there
A conscious grandeur flashed—which told
Unswayed by man, and uncontrolled,
Himself had deigned their lot to share, .
And borne—because he willed to bear.
Whate'er his being or his birth,
His soul had never stooped to earth;
Nor mingled with the meaner race,
Who shared or swayed his dwelling-place:
But high—mysterious—and unknown,
Held converse with itself alone:
And yet the look that could depress

* The Widow of Nain. Luke vii. 11.

Pride to its native nothingness ;
And bid the specious boaster shun
The eye he dared not gaze upon,
Superior love did still reveal—
Not such as man for man may feel—
No—all was passionless and pure—
That godlike majesty of wo,
Which counts its glory to endure—
And knows nor hope nor fear below ;
Nor aught that still to earth can bind,
But love and pity for mankind.
And in his eye a radiance shone—
Oh ! how shall mortal dare essay,
On whom no prophet's vest is thrown,
To paint that pure celestial ray ?
Mercy, and tenderness, and love,
And all that finite sense can deem
Of him who reigns enthroned above ;
Light—such as blest Isaiah's dream,
When to the awe-struck prophet's eyes,
God bade the star of Judah rise—
There heaven in living lustre glowed—
There shone the Saviour—there the God.
Oh ye—to whom the dying Lord
Your sorrows—not his own—deplored :
Thou, on whose guilt the Saviour cast
A look of mercy—'twas his last :
Ye—who beheld when Jesus died,
Say ye—for none can tell beside,
How matchless grace, and love divine,
In that immortal glance would shine.
And she too felt and owned its power
To soothe in that despairing hour ;
Her pulse beat quick—and to her heart
A ray of rapture seemed to dart :
The cloud that hung upon her brow
Wore off—aud all was comfort now ;—
And why ? she thought not on the dead—
Her sight on him was rivetted,
Whose look such peace and glory shed :
So the wan captive, o'er whose cell
No solitary sunbeam fell,

When years and years have lingered by,
Restored to light and liberty,
Fixes his first enraptured gaze
Upon the bright sun's living rays.
'Short space he stood'—His lifted eyes
To heaven a moment raised—He spoke—
These words the solemn silence broke:
"Young man, I say to thee arise!"

DALE.

OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR
IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.
Matt. xxvi. 36—46.

A WREATH of glory circles still his head—
And yet he kneels—and yet he seems to be
Convulsed with more than human agony:
On his pale brow the drops are large and red
As victim's blood at votive altar shed—
His hands are clasped, his eyes are raised in prayer;
Alas! and is there strife he cannot bear,
Who calmed the tempest, and who raised the dead?

There is! there is! for now the powers of hell
Are struggling for the mastery—'tis the hour
When Death exerts his last permitted power,
When the dread weight of sin, since Adam fell,
Is visited on him, who deigned to dwell
A man with men—that he might bear the stroke
Of wrath divine, and burst the captive's yoke—
But O! of that dread strife what words can tell?

Those—only those—which broke with many a groan
From his full heart—"O Father take away
The cup of vengeance I must drink to-day—
Yet, Father, not my will, but thine be done!"
It could not pass away—for he alone
Was mighty to endure, and strong to save;
Nor would Jehovah leave him in the grave;
Nor could corruption taint his Holy One.

DALE

THE CRUCIFIXION.

(Imitated from the Italian of Crescembini.)

I.

Matt. xxvii.

I ASKED the heavens;—" What foe to God hath done
" This unexampled deed?"—The heavens exclaim,
" 'Twas man;—and we in horror snatched the sun
" From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
I asked the sea;—the sea in fury boiled,
And answered with his voice of storms—" 'Twas man—
" My waves in panic at his crime recoiled,
" Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."
I asked the earth;—the earth replied aghast,
" 'Twas man;—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,—
" That still I groan and shudder at the past."—
To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,
And asked him next:—He turned a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

MONTGOMERY.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

II.

BOUND upon the accursëd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursëd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,

By Eden, promised ere he died,
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursëd tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursëd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

MILMAN.

THE LOVE OF THE SAVIOUR.

Oh! never, never canst thou know
  What then for thee the Saviour bore;
The pangs of that mysterious wo
  That wrung his frame at every pore;
The weight that pressed upon his brow,
  The fever of his bosom's core!
Yes! man for man perchance may brave
The horrors of the yawning grave;
And friend for friend, or child for sire,
Undaunted and unmoved expire,
From love—or piety—or pride—
But who can die as Jesus died?—

A sweet, but solitary beam,
An emanation from above,
Glimmers o'er life's uncertain dream,—
We hail that beam, and call it Love!
But fainter than the pale star's ray
Before the noontide blaze of day,
And lighter than the viewless sand
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,
Is all of Love that man can know—
All that in angel-breasts can glow—
Compared, O Lord of Hosts! with thine—
Eternal—fathomless—divine!
That Love—whose praise with quenchless fire,
Inflames the blest seraphic choir;
Where perfect rapture reigns above,
And Love is all—for thou art Love!

DALE.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

"I heard thy voice in the garden and I was afraid."

Amidst the thrilling leaves, thy voice
At evening's fall drew near:
Father! and did not man rejoice,
That blessëd sound to hear?

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touched by the solemn tone?
Not so! for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And called the cedars in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh! in each wind, each fountain's flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God! thy voice to know,
And *not to be afraid!*

MRS. HEMANS.

BLESSED BE THY NAME FOR EVER.

Blessed be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessëd be thy name for ever!
Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest,
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity.
God of life! that fade shall never,
Blessëd be thy name for ever!

HOGG.

TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
Not seldom, Evening, in the west,
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify.

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy.

WORDSWORTH.

REDEMPTION.

O How unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile:
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quickening words—Believe and live.

COWPER.

SABBATH MORNING.

I.

How still the Morning of the hallowed Day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
The faintest sounds attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook

Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen ;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRAHAME.

SABBATH MORNING.

II.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
  That slowly wakes while all the fields are still ;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
  A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
  And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn ;
  The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.

Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath Morn !
  The rooks float silently, in airy drove :
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws ;
  The gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose ;
  The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move :—
So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

LEYDEN.

SABBATH MORNING.

III.

Dear is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day ;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the wingëd hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord !
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art;
That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall;
But, on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath Morn;
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid my heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths, sing the charms,
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

SABBATH MORNING.

IV.

WELCOME, thou peaceful dawn!
O'er field and wooded lawn
The wonted sound of busy toil is laid,
And hark, the village bell,
Whose simple tinklings swell,
Sweet as soft music on the straw-roofed shed;
And bids the pious cottager prepare,
To keep the appointed rest, and seek the house of prayer.

How goodly 'tis to see
The rustic family
Duly along the church-way path repair!
The mother trim and plain,
Leading her ruddy train,
The father pacing slow with modest air;
With honest heart and humble guise they come
To serve the Lord of Hosts, and bear his blessing home.

O Sabbath Bell, thy voice
Makes hearts like these rejoice;
Not so the child of vanity and power;
He the blest pavement treads,
Perchance to gaze away a listless hour,
Perchance as custom bids;
Then crowns the bowl, or scours along the road,
Nor hides his shame from men, nor heeds the eye of God.

O would the Eternal Spirit bless,
With faith and holiness,
The laggart people of our favoured isle!
But, if too deep and wide
Have spread corruption's tide,
O might he deign on me and mine to smile!
So shall we ne'er with due devotion fail
The consecrated day of solemn rest to hail;

So shall we still resort
To Sion's hallowed court,
And lift the heart to him who dwells above;
Then, home returning, muse
On sweet and solemn views,
Or fill the void with acts of holy love;
Then lay us down in peace to think we've given
Another precious day to fit our souls for heaven!

BISHOP MANT.

SABBATH EVENING.

I.

Is there a time when moments flow,
More lovelily than all beside?

It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

O then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear,
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure as this
May cause a heart on earth to know,
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour! how soon will Night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light,
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day—
A *Sun* that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray—
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

EDMESTON.

SABBATH EVENING.

II.

The day hath passed in praise and prayer,
Now Evening comes more still and fair;
The holy heavens are free from gloom,
The earth is green, and gay with bloom;

The blackbird's whistled note is high,
Ringing in woodland melody;
And though the cushat 'mid the grove
Be 'plaining, still his plaint is love.
How calm, how still this hallowed eve!
Methinks the heart might cease to grieve
While gazing on that arch so blue,
With mercy mirrored in its hue,
And think how short a time may bring
Repose from earthly suffering;
Or lend a wing to mount above
The spheres in which the planets move.—
The vesper star begins to beam,
But scarce its image strikes the stream,
For summer's faintness o'er it creeps,
And every bolder sparkle keeps
Entangled 'mid the misty light
Which fills the azure vault of night;
While earth and sky appear imbued
With the deep soul of solitude.
If we could feel as men should feel
When heaven and earth their sweets reveal,
Our selfish sorrows all would cease
On such a solemn eve of peace;
And nature's stillness would compose
Our souls and dissipate our woes;
And from our spirits softly call
Pure hopes and thoughts devotional.

JOHN BETHUNE.

SABBATH EVENING.

III.

Welcome the hour of sweet repose,
  The evening of the Sabbath day;
In peace my wearied eyes shall close
  When I have tuned my vesper lay,
In humble gratitude to him
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
In the calm solitude of even,
To hold with heaven communion meet—
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven ;
And, in this wilderness beneath,
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe.

It may be that the Eternal Mind
Bends sometimes from his throne of bliss ;
Where should we then his presence find,
But in an hour so blest as this—
An hour of calm tranquillity,
Silent as if to welcome Thee ?

Yes ! if the Great Invisible,
Descending from his seat divine,
May deign upon this earth to dwell,—
Where shall he find a welcome shrine,
But in the breast of man who bears
His image, and his spirit shares ?

Now let the solemn thought pervade
My soul, and let my heart prepare
A throne :—Come, veiled in awful shade,
Spirit of God, that I may dare
Hail thee ! nor like thy prophet, be
Blinded by thy bright majesty.

Then turn my wandering thoughts within,
To hold communion, Lord, with thee ;
And, purified from taint of sin,
And earth's pollutions, let me see
Thine image,—for a moment prove,
If not thy majesty, thy love :—

That love which over all is shed—
Shed on the worthless as the just ;
Lighting the stars above our head,
And waking beauty out of dust ;
And rolling in its glorious way
Beyond the farthest comet's ray.

To him alike the living stream
  And the dull regions of the grave ;
All watched, protected all by him
  Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,
In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,
Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten—as the sand
  Drops in the hour-glass, never still ;
So, gathered in by Death's rude hand,
  The storehouse of the grave we fill ;
And sleep in peace, as safely kept
As when on earth we smiled or wept.

What is our duty here ?—to tend
  From good to better—thence to best ;
Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend
  Unmurmuring to our bed of rest ;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun
  Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
  May 'shrine our names in memory's light ;
And the blest seeds we scatter'd bloom
A hundred fold in days to come.

BOWRING.

RETIREMENT.

I.

Thrice happy he who, far in Scottish glen
Retired, (yet ready at his country's call,)
Has left the restless emmet-hill of man !
He never longs to read the saddening tale,
Of endless wars ; and seldom does he hear
The tale of wo ; and ere it reaches him,
Rumour so loud when new, has died away
Into a whisper, on the memory borne

Of casual traveller :—As on the deep,
Far from the sight of land, when all around
Is waveless calm, the sudden tremulous swell
That gently heaves the ship, tells, as it rolls,
Of earthquakes dread, and cities overthrown.

GRAHAME.

RETIREMENT.

II.

Far from the world, O Lord I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine !

What thanks I owe thee, and what love !
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

COWPER

RETIREMENT.

III.

O blest Retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring Famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

GOLDSMITH.

SOLITUDE.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.

SILENT DEVOTION.

I.

The inward sighs of humble Penitence,
Rise to the ear of Heaven, when pealëd hymns
Are scattered with the sounds of common air.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

SILENT DEVOTION.

II.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal may see,
So deep in my bosom the prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,

When with the Father and his Son
  Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
  The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
  For sinners intercedes.

O thou, by whom we come to God,
  The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
  Lord, teach us how to pray !

MONTGOMERY.

A PRAYER.

Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !
O teach me what is good ! teach me thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial never-fading bliss !

THOMSON.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

I.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
  Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
  For rest the night !
May thine angel-guards defend us;
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
  This livelong night !

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

II

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say!
O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a year,
And oh! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy!
My sisters and my brothers both
From evil guard, and save from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother!
And still, O Lord, to me impart
A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day! Amen.

COLERIDGE

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
And all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
And bowed—as flowers are bowed with night—in prayer.

Gaze on, 'tis lovely!—Childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!
Gaze, yet what seest thou in those fair and meek
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?—
Thou seest what Grief must nurture for the sky,
What Death must fashion for eternity!

O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey dew oppressed,
Midst the dim-folded leaves, at set of sun;
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her wo!

O take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake—oh! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave:
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE FLIGHT OF FAITH.

The dove let loose in eastern skies,*
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from earthly care,
From pride and passion free,
Aloft, through faith and love's pure air,
To hold my course to thee.

No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

MOORE.

ADVANTAGES OF AFFLICTION.

Behold this vine!
I found it a wild tree, whose wanton strength
Had swollen into irregular twigs

* The carrier pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place for which she is destined.

And bold excrescences,
And spent itself in leaves and little rings;
So in the flourish of its outwardness,
Wasting the sap and strength
That should have given forth fruit;
But when I pruned the tree,
Then it grew temperate in its vain expanse
Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou seest,
Into these full, clear clusters, to repay
The hand that wisely wounded it.
Repine not, O my son!
In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicts,
Like a wise leech, its painful remedies.—
If ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there!
Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky,
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon! I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In waves of silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own;
Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene.

SOUTHEY.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

I.

Lord! when dejected I appear,
And love is half absorbed in fear,
E'en then I know I'm not forgot,
Thou'rt present, though I see thee not;
Thy boundless mercy's still the same,
Though I am cold, nor feel the flame;
Though dull and hard my sluggish sense,
Faith still maintains its evidence.
O would thy cheering beams so shine,
That I might always feel thee mine!
Yet though a cloud may sometimes rise,
And dim the brightness of the skies,

By faith thy goodness I will bless;
I shall be safe, though comfortless.
Still, still my grateful heart shall melt,
At what in brighter days I felt.
O wayward heart! thine is the blame,
Though I may change, God is the same.
Not feebler faith, nor colder prayer,
My state and sentence shall declare.
Nor nerves nor feelings shall decide;
By safer signs I shall be tried.
Is the fixed tenor of my mind
To Christ and righteousness inclined?
For sin, is my contrition deep?
For past offences, do I weep?
Do I submit my stubborn will
To him who guides and guards me still?
Then shall my peaceful bosom prove
That God, not loving is, but Love.

HANNAH MORE.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

II.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—Psalm cxlvii. 3.

Oh! thou who driest the mourner's tear,
  How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
  We could not fly to thee!
The friends who in our sunshine live,
  When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
  Must weep those tears alone;
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
  Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
  Breathes sweetness out of wo.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
  And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
  Is dimmed and vanished too!

Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
  Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
  One peace-branch from above!
Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
  With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
  We never saw by day.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

III.

"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. iv. 15.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few;
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer wo—
At once, betrayed, denied, or fled
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Yet he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tears away.

ROBERT GRANT.

THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
  A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar!
  Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of wo,
  Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bear his cross below,
  He follows in his train!

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
  Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
  And called on him to save.

Like him, with pardon on his tongue
  In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did him wrong!
  Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
  On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
  And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
  The lion's gory mane:
They bowed their necks, the death to feel!
  Who follows in his train?

A noble army—men and boys,
  The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
  In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
  Through peril, toil, and pain!
Oh God! to us may grace be given
  To follow in their train!

EVANESCENCE OF HUMAN LIFE.

What are our ages, but a few brief waves
From the vast ocean of eternity,
That break upon the shores of this our world,
And so ebb back into the immense profound.

MILMAN.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

We sail the sea of Life—a calm one finds,
And one a tempest—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.

WORDSWORTH.

HUMAN LIFE.

I.

Man's uncertain Life
Is like a rain-drop hanging on the bough,
Amongst ten thousand of its sparkling kindred,
The remnants of some passing thunder-shower,
Which have their moments, dropping one by one,
And which shall soonest lose its perilous hold
We cannot guess.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

HUMAN LIFE.

II.

BETWEEN two worlds, Life hovers like a star,
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge;
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages, while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

BYRON.

HUMAN LIFE.

III.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby.
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound:
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"'Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung;
And violets scattered round; and old and young,

In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been;
When by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.—
And such is Human Life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!

ROGERS.

HUMAN LIFE.

IV.

"What is the gift of Life?"
Speak thou, in young existence revelling;
To thee it is a glorious, god-like thing;
Love, Hope, and Fancy lead the joyous way;
Ambition kindles up her living ray.
There is a path of light marked out for thee,
A thornless path, and there thy way shall be:
A thousand spirits by thy side shall fall,
But thou shalt live, and look beyond them all;
Yes, Life indeed may seem a joyous thing.
"What is the gift of Life"
To thee, subdued and taught by Wisdom's voice,
Wisdom of stern necessity, not choice?
Whose cup of joy is ebbing out in haste,
Who hast no fountain to supply the waste;
Whose spirit, like some traveller gazing round,
Or broken columns in the desert ground,
Sees but sad traces on a lonely scene,
Of what Life was, and what it might have been;
Oh! is not Life a sad and solemn thing?

"What is the gift of Life"
To him who reads with Heaven-instructed eye?
'Tis the first dawning of eternity;
The future heaven just breaking on the sight;
The glimmering of a still increasing light;
Its cheering scenes foretastes of heavenly joy;
Its storms and tempests sent to purify:
Oh! is not Life a bright inspiring thing?
"What is the gift of Life"
To him whose soul through this tempestuous road
Hath past, and found its home, its heaven, its God?
Who sees the boundless page of knowledge spread,
And years, as boundless, rolling o'er his head;
No cloud to darken the celestial light;
No sin to sully, and no grief to blight;
Is not that better Life a glorious thing?

MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

HUMAN LIFE.

V.

"In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth."—PSALM xc. 6.

I WALKED the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The skylark sang his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy,
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems Life's inheritance is joy—
The future proudly greeting."

I wandered forth at noon:—alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass
And stretched the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I strayed,
  Through lonely hay-fields musing;
While every breeze that round me played
  Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
  To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
  Scattered the balm of healing.

For thus the actions of the just,
  When Memory hath enshrined them,
Even from the dark and silent dust
  Their odour leave behind them.



HUMAN LIFE.

VI.

What is the mystery of Human Life?
In rude or civilized society,
Alike, a pilgrim's progress through this world
To that which is to come, by the same stages;
With infinite diversity of fortune
To each distinct adventurer by the way!
Life is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being:
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits, in each;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are always moving onward, always losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length,
Like undulations, on the strand of death.
The sage of threescore years and ten looks back,—
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience-fit,—on what
He hath been, is not, and cannot be again;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think
What he is now, but cannot long continue,
And what he must be through uncounted ages.—
The Child;—we know no more of happy childhood

Than happy childhood knows of wretched old;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions:
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning-star,
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever plucked,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.
Thenceforward, mark the metamorphoses!
The Boy, the Girl, when all was joy, hope, promise;
Yet who would be a Boy, a Girl again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
And dream of what will never come to pass?
The Youth, the Maiden; living but for love,
Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
And joys less rapturous, but more enduring:
The Woman;—in her offspring multiplied;
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,
Beneath whose shadow, she (both root and stem)
Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
That they may be the pleasure of beholders:
The Man;—as father of a progeny,
Whose birth requires his death to make them room;
Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
And grows immortal in his children's children:
Then the gray Elder; leaning on his staff,
And bowed beneath a weight of years, that steal
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep,
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
None with more subtilty benumbs the frame)
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother;
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office.
"Man giveth up the ghost,—and where is he?"

MONTGOMERY.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for Grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee! but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there;

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

I.

It matters not at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; Death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

MILMAN.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

II.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

III.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side:
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.
Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

HEBER.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

IV.

Brother, thou art gone before,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode;
Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus,
Upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find:
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

MILMAN.

HOPE.

Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heavens above,
So restless in the waves below.

Thus heavenly Hope is all serene,
But earthly Hope how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

TOWNSHEND.

THE SAILOR'S HOPE.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep.
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul.
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and brownwood blossomed vale,
Rush on his thought: he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind;
Meets, at each step, a friend's familiar face,
And flies, at last, to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her eye the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes, (where'er they roam,)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

CAMPBELL.

HOPE AT THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!
Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose!
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun,
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run!
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres
A warning comes, unheard by other ears:
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!

While Nature hears, with terror mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss!
Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

CAMPBELL.

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save,
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind:
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
O pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!

On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

BEATTIE.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me;
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me:
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
Christ is mine—he cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever—
Weep not for me.

DALE.

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

BEATTIE.

MY GRAVE.

FAR from the city's ceaseless hum,
Hither let my relics come ;—
Lowly and lonely be my grave,
Fast by the streamlet's oozing wave,
Still to the gentle angler dear,
And heaven's fair face reflecting clear.
No rank luxuriance from the dead
Draw the green turf above my head,
But cowslips here and there be found,
Sweet natives of the hallowed ground,
Diffusing Nature's incense round !
Kindly sloping to the sun
When his course is nearly run,
Let it catch his farewell beams,
Brief and pale, as best beseems ;
But let the melancholy yew,
Still to the cemetery true,
Defend it from his noontide ray,
Debarring visitant so gay ;
And when the robin's fitful song
Is hushed the darkling boughs among,
There let the spirit of the wind
A heaven-reared tabernacle find
To warble wild a vesper hymn,
To soothe my shade at twilight dim !
Seldom let foot of man be there,
Save bending towards the house of prayer :
Few human sounds disturb the calm,
Save word of grace or solemn psalm !
Yet would I not my humble tomb
Should wear an uninviting gloom,
As though there ever brooded near,
In fancy's ken, a thing of fear ;
And, viewed with superstitious awe,
Be duly shunned, and scarcely draw
The sidelong glance of passer by,
As haunt of sprite with blasting eye ;
Or noted be by some sad token,
Bearing a name in whispers spoken !
No !—let the thoughtful schoolboy stray
Far from his giddy mates at play,

My secret place of rest explore,
There con the page of classic lore :—
Thither let hoary men of age
Perform a pensive pilgrimage,
And think, as o'er my grave they bend,
It wooes them to their welcome end :—
But, chiefly, let the friend sincere
There drop a tributary tear ;
There pause, in musing mood, and all
Our bygone hours of bliss recall ;
Delightful hours ! too fleetly flown !
By the *heart's* pulses only known !

JOHN RAMSAY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.

I.

When by a good man's Grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,
Like those of old, on that thrice hallowed night,
Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright ;
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upward, that he is not here,
That he is risen.

ROGERS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.

II.

There is a spot—a lovely spot,
Embosomed in a valley's dell ;
The eye of splendour marks it not,
Nor travellers of its beauties tell.

The hazel forms a green bower there ;
Beneath, the grassy covering lies ;
And forest flowers surpassing fair,
Mingle their soft and lovely dyes,

Morn decks the spot with many a gem,
And the first break of eastern ray
Lights up a spark in each of them,
That seems to hail the opening day.

When first that beam of morning breaks,
The fancy here a smile may see,
Like that when first the saint awakes
At dawn of immortality.

The free birds love to seek the shade,
And here they sing their sweetest lays;
Meet requiem!—He who there is laid,
Breathed his last dying voice in praise.

And here the villager will stray,
What time his daily work is done,
When evening sheds the western ray
Of sweet departing summer sun.

On lovely lips his name is found,
And simple hearts yet hold him dear;
The Patriarch of the village round,—
The Pastor of the chapel near.

The holy cautions that he gave,—
The prayers he breathed—the tears he wept,—
Yet linger here, though in his grave,
Through many a year the saint has slept.

And oft the villager has said,—
"O I remember, when a child,
He placed his hand upon my head,
And blessed me then, and sweetly smiled.

"'Twas he that led me to my God,
And taught me to obey his will;
The holy path which he has trod,
Oh! be it mine to follow still."

Grave of the righteous! surely there
The sweetest bloom of beauty is:

Oh! may I sleep in couch as fair,
And with a hope as bright as his!

EDMESTON.

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep;
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen!—I will speak no more:—
Be silent, pride!

Art thou a mourner? hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown
And tranquil nights?

O live! and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past;
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam;
Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruisëd reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake;
He wounds to heal!

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate, his providence adore:
'Tis done! arise! he bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die!

MONTGOMERY.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
  They filled one home with glee;—
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
  By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
  O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight,—
  Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the west,
  By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
  Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one;
  He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
  O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
  Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
  On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
  Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,—
  The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
  Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
  Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
  And cheered with song the hearth,—
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
  And nought beyond, on earth!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE DEAD.

THE Dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky:
Spirits from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

MONTGOMERY.

DIRGE.

WEEP not for her!—Oh she was far too fair,
Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth!
The sinless glory, and the golden air
Of Zion, seemed to claim her from her birth:
A spirit wandered from its native zone,
Which, soon discovering, took her for its own:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright;
Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
Like long-linked, shadeless months of polar light;
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flowery brake:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues;
When human bosoms seemed the homes of truth,
And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant dews.
Her summer-prime waned not to days that freeze;
Her wine of life was run not to the lees:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—By fleet or slow decay,
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away;
Her prospects wither; or her hopes grow dark;

Translated by her God, with spirit shriven,
She passed as 'twere in smiles from earth to heaven:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down Age's vale of tears,
As whirl the withered leaves from Friendship's tree,
And on earth's wintry wold alone to be:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of paradise;
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes:
Victorious over death, to her appear
The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal year:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—There is no cause for wo;
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back:
So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate— and lead thee on!
Weep not for her!

MOIR.

I KNOW THOU HAST GONE.

I KNOW thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,-
Then why should my soul be so sad?

I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad!
Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stains it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor the heart be flung back from its goal;
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe, that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret!

In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine,
And the love that made all things a music to me,
I yet have not learnt to resign;—
In the hush of the night, in the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still!

Mine eye must be dark that so long has been dimmed,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine,
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign!
I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there,
And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh! call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair.
By sorrow revealed as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears;
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, from tears!

T. K. HERVEY.

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

"And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem."—
Gen. xxxv. 19.

And Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
  Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;
With mouldering heart, and withering hand,
  The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The Spring comes smiling down the vale,
  The lilies and the roses bringing;
But Rachel never more shall hail
  The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day,
  And Jewish dames the dance are treading;
But Rachel on her couch of clay,
  Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
  And reapers to the field is calling:
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
  The choral song at twilight's falling

The Winter sends his drenching shower,
  And sweeps his howling blast around her!
But earthly storms possess no power
  To break the slumber that hath bound her.

Thus round and round the Seasons go,
  But joy or grief no more betide her;
For Rachel's bosom could not know
  Though friends were housed in death beside her.

Yet time shall come, as prophets say,
  Whose dreams with glorious things are blended,
When seasons on their changeful way
  Shall wend not as they long have wended.

Yes, time shall come, when flowers that bloom
  Shall meet no storm their bloom to wither—

When friends, rejoicing from the tomb,
Have gone to heavenly climes together.

KNOX.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

I.

On life's wild ocean, sorrowful and pained,
How many voyagers their course perform!
This little bark a kinder fate obtained;
It reached the harbour ere it met the storm.

ANONYMOUS.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

II.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

COLERIDGE.

ELEGY

FOR THE MONUMENT OF A FRIEND.

If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthened flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his, who, mourned by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart, that mocks at worldly wiles,
Light wit, that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles.

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads.

The happy, grateful spirit that improves,
And brightens every gift by fortune given;
That, wander where it will, with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven.

All these were his—Oh! thou who readst this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye, like him may live, like him may die.

MOORE.

TIME.

I.

Time never bears such moments on his wing,
As when he flies too swiftly to be marked.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

TIME.

II.

Time flies: it is his melancholy task
To bring, and bear away delusive hopes,
And reproduce the troubles he destroys.
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
Discerning mortal! do thou serve the will
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace
Which the world wants, shall be for thee confirmed.

WORDSWORTH.

TIME.

III.

Time moveth not! our being 'tis that moves;
And we, swift-gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages, and revolving years,
Ordained to chronicle our passing days:—
So the young sailor, in the gallant bark,

Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.

WHITE.

TIME.

IV.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store,
Of their strange venture happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

SCOTT.

TIME.

V.

How slowly and how silently doth Time
Float on his starry journey! Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.—
Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on—
To-morrow I may be a breathless thing;
But he will still be here; and the blue hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world
As if I were alive to welcome them.

PROCTER.

TIME.

VI.

WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?

"Know'st thou not me!" the deep voice cried,
"So long enjoyed so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shalt part for ever!"

TIME.

VII.

Fugit Irrevocabile Tempus.

"What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—JAMES iv. 14.

YES—all may grace one mortal day,
That warms the heart and wins the eye,
And gives each ardent sense to stray
From rapture to satiety
Wealth—glory—grandeur—throned on high—
And that which melts the heart of stone,
The magic beam of Beauty's eye—
But Time glides on—and all are gone.

And thou—whom Heaven's high will denies
To soar above thy fellow-men,

For thee as dear a home may rise
In village cot—or mountain glen;
Where, loving and beloved again,
Thy hopes—thy heart may rest on one:
Oh! what is life?—Time flies and then
Death speeds his dart—and both are gone.

And thou too, wretch—forbear to weep,
Thy misery need not last for aye—
Why feed the thought that else might sleep?
Why waste in hopeless grief away?
Deserted in thy darker day,
If friends are fled and thou alone,
Thy God will prove a firmer stay—
Seek him—Time flies—and thou art gone.

Oh! where are all the gauds of earth—
Love's melting smile—young Beauty's bloom—
The pomp of wealth—the pride of birth—
Are these remembered in the tomb?
No—sunk in cold oblivion's gloom
They lie—their very names unknown—
The mouldering marble tells their doom—
They lived—Time fled—and they are gone.

So thou shalt fall—but dost thou deem
To sleep in peace beneath the sod?
Dash from thy soul that empty dream,
And know thyself—and know thy God.
Nor earth, nor time restrains his rod;
And thou—a few short summers flown,
Thou treadst the path thy fathers trod—
Thy doom is fixed, and hope is gone.

Chained to the dust from whence we spring,
Why thus from yon-bright skies be driven;
Oh! turn to your Eternal King—
Believe—repent, and be forgiven,
Haste—seize the proffered hope of heaven,
While life and light are yet thine own;
Swift as the passing cloud of even,
Time glides along—and thou art gone!

DALE.

THE END OF TIME.

Rev. x. 1—6.

One foot on earth, and one on sea,
A mighty angel towers to heaven;
Before his glance the mountains flee;
Beneath his tread the depths are riven—
Wreathed radiant round his brows divine
The bright hues of the rainbow shine;
His aspect—like the broad red glare
Of the fierce sun's meridian ray,
Beams forth intolerable day—
The glory of the Lord is there.
Loud as the maddening lion's roar,
Or as the wild surge beats the shore,
He speaks!—blue lightnings rend the sky,
And heaven in thunder gives reply.—
Ne'er be those sounds, in mystery sealed,
To human ear on earth revealed.
And when that dreadful sign was given,
He raised his dread right hand to heaven,
And thus the oath he swore—
"Ye spacious skies—thou rooted earth—
By him who called you into birth
Your destined date is o'er!
I swear by him whose sovereign sway,
The bright angelic hosts obey—
By him who died, and lives for aye,
That Time shall be no more!"
Earth trembled at the sound, but O
What shrieks of wailing and of wo,
What frantic yells of wild despair,
Tumultuous rend the troubled air!
In vain—the day of grace is o'er,
And Love and Pity plead no more!
Mark, where the rock-hewn cavern breaks,
And to his doom the oppressor wakes;
Mark where the fear-struck despot now
Dashes the diadem from his brow—
Beneath his foot the firm earth rends—
The heavens are darkening o'er him!

The Judge—the Sovereign Judge descends—
And who may stand before him?

DALE.

THE EVE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

Resume thy tone of wo, immortal Harp!
The song of mirth is past, the jubilee
Is ended, and the sun begins to fade!
Soon past, for Happiness counts not the hours.
To her a thousand years seem as a day;
A day, a thousand years to Misery.
Satan is loose, and Violence is heard,
And riot in the street, and Revelry
Intoxicate, and Murder, and Revenge.
Put on your armour now, ye righteous! put
The helmet of salvation on, and gird
Your loins about with truth, add righteousness,
And add the shield of faith, and take the sword
Of God—awake and watch!—The day is near,
Great day of God Almighty and the Lamb!
The harvest of the earth is fully ripe;
Vengeance begins to tread the great wine-press
Of fierceness and of wrath; and Mercy pleads,
Mercy that pleaded long, she pleads—no more!
Whence comes that darkness? whence those yells of wo?
What thunderings are these that shake the world?
Why fall the lamps from heaven as blasted figs?
Why tremble righteous men? Why angels pale?
Why is all fear? What has become of hope?
God comes! God in his car of vengeance comes!—
Hark! louder on the blast, come hollow shrieks
Of dissolution! in the fitful scowl
Of night, near and more near, angels of death
Incessant flap their deadly wings, and roar
Through all the fevered air! the mountains rock,
The moon is sick, and all the stars of heaven
Burn feebly! oft and sudden gleams the fire,
Revealing awfully the brow of Wrath!
The Thunder, long and loud, utters his voice,
Responsive to the Ocean's troubled growl!

Night comes, last night, the long, dark, dark, dark night,
That has no morn beyond it, and no star!
No eye of man hath seen a night like this!
Heaven's trampled Justice girds itself for fight!
Earth, to thy knees, and cry for mercy! cry
With earnest heart, for thou art growing old
And hoary, unrepented, unforgiven!
And all thy glory mourns! the vintage mourns!
Bashan and Carmel mourn and weep! and mourn,
Thou Lebanon! with all thy cedars, mourn!
Sun! glorying in thy strength from age to age,
So long observant of thy hour, put on
Thy weeds of wo, and tell the Moon to weep;
Utter thy grief at mid-day, morn, and even;
Tell all the nations, tell the Clouds that sit
About the portals of the east and west,
And wanton with thy golden locks, to wait
Thee not to-morrow, for no morrow comes!
Tell men and women, tell the new-born child,
And every eye that sees, to come, and see
Thee set behind Eternity, for thou
Shalt go to bed to-night, and ne'er awake!
Stars! walking on the pavement of the sky,
Out-sentinels of heaven, watching the earth,
Cease dancing now; your lamps are growing dim,
Your graves are dug among the dismal clouds,
And angels are assembling round your bier!
Orion, mourn! and Mazzaroth, and thou,
Arcturus! mourn, with all thy northern sons,
Daughters of Pleiades! that nightly shed
Sweet influence, and thou, fairest of stars!
Eye of the morning, weep! and weep at eve;
Weep setting, now to rise no more, "and flame
On forehead of the dawn," as sung the bard,
Great bard! who used on earth a seraph's lyre;
Whose numbers wandered through eternity,
And gave sweet foretaste of the heavenly harps!
Minstrel of sorrow! native of the dark!
Shrub-loving Philomel, that wooed the Dews,
At midnight from their starry beds, and, charmed,
Held them around thy song till dawn awoke,
Sad bird! pour through the gloom thy weeping song,

Pour all thy dying melody of grief,
And with the turtle spread the wave of wo!
Spare not thy reed, for thou shalt sing no more!

POLLOK.

THE LAST DAY.

I.

2 *Pet.* iii.

THAT day of wrath! that dreadful day!
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet the dreadful day?
When shrivelling, like a parchëd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the loud trump that wakes the dead!
O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to Judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Lord! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall flee away.

SCOTT.

THE LAST DAY:

II.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bowed.

The glory! the glory! around him are poured
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered monuments stirred:

From the ocean and earth, from the south pole and north,
Lo, the vast generations of ages come forth!

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

MILMAN.

THE LAST DAY.

III.

" Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him.—Rev. i. 7.

The Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness he came;
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath, and robes of storm;
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind!
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

Can this be he, who wont to stray
As pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified?

While sinners in despair shall call,
" Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!"

The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

HEBER.

THE LAST DAY.

IV.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
The secret coming of the Son of Man.
When all the cherub-thronging clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
When that great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the cup of wo;
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.
The hundred-gated cities then,
The towers and temples named of men
Eternal, and the thrones of kings;
The gilded summer palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings;
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go—gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll;
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled;
The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
And one vast, common doom ensepulchres the world.
Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more:
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair,
In the sky's azure canopy;

When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an ark.
Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheelëd throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred Monarch o'er the realms of doom:
When from the sea depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait;
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn,
Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and true! thou still shalt save thine own!
The saints shall dwell within the unharming fire;
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm,
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam
Almighty to avenge, almightiest to redeem!

MILMAN.

THE LAST DAY.

V.

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around,
From north to south, from east to west it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls:
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:

The sea has heard it; coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and, with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!
All who have breathed, or moved, or seen, or felt;
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt;

Tyrants and warriors, who were throned in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are raised from every isle, and land, and tomb,
To hear the changeless and eternal doom.
But while the universe is wrapt in fire
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath a canopy of flame behold,
With starry banners at his feet unrolled,
Earth's Judge: around seraphic minstrels throng,
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song;
While melodies aërial and sublime
Weave a wild death-dirge o'er departing Time.
Imagination! furl thy wings of fire,
And on eternity's dread brink expire;
Vain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of immortality unrolled!
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun;
Quenched is the moon, and blackened is the sun:
The stars have bounded through the airy roar;
Crushed lie the rocks, and mountains are no more;
The deep unbosomed, with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the ruin, like creation's tomb!
And, lo! the living harvest of the earth,
Reaped from the grave, to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air;
While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam,
Like lurid snow-flakes in the moonlight beam,
Upon the flaming earth one farewell glance!
The billows of eternity advance;
No motion, blast, or breeze, or waking sound!
In fiery slumber glares the world around.
'Tis o'er; from yonder cloven vault of heaven,
Throned on a car by living thunder driven,
Arrayed in glory, see, the Eternal come!
And, while the universe is still and dumb,
And hell o'ershadowed with terrific gloom,
To immortal myriads deal the judgment doom!
Winged on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold! the blessed soar to realms above:
The cursed, with hell uncovered to their eye,
Shriek—shriek, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!

Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD, AND CREATION OF A NEW ONE.

Nor yet had vengeance done. The guilty Earth,
Inanimate, debased, and stained by sin,
Seat of rebellion, of corruption, long,
And tainted with mortality throughout,—
God sentenced next; and sent the final fires
Of ruin forth, to burn and to destroy.
The saints its burning saw, and thou mayst see.
Look yonder round the lofty golden walls
And galleries of New Jerusalem,
Among the imagery of wonders past;
Look near the southern gate; look and behold,
On spacious canvass, touched with living hues,—
The conflagration of the ancient Earth,
The handiwork of high archangel, drawn
From memory of what he saw, that day.
See! how the mountains, how the valleys burn;
The Andes burn, the Alps, the Appenines,
Taurus and Atlas; all the islands burn;
The ocean burns, and rolls her waves of flame.
See how the lightnings, barbëd, red with wrath,
Sent from the quiver of Omnipotence,
Cross and recross the fiery gloom, and burn
Into the centre!—burn without, within,
And help the native fires, which God awoke,
And kindled with the fury of his wrath.
As inly troubled, now she seems to shake;
The flames, dividing, now a moment, fall;
And now in one conglomerated mass,
Rising, they glow on high, prodigious blaze!
Then fall and sink again, as if within,
The fuel, burnt to ashes, was consumed.
So burned the Earth upon that dreadful day,
Yet not to full annihilation burned.
The essential particles of dust remained,

Purged by the final, sanctifying fires,
From all corruption ; from all stain of sin,
Done there by man or devil, purified.
The essential particles remained, of which
God built the world again, renewed, improved,
With fertile vale, and wood of fertile bough ;
And streams of milk and honey, flowing song ;
And mountains cinctured with perpetual green ;
In clime and season fruitful, as at first,
When Adam woke, unfallen, in Paradise.
And God, from out the fount of native light,
A handful took of beams, and clad the sun
Again in glory ; and sent forth the moon
To borrow thence her wonted rays, and lead
Her stars, the virgin daughters of the sky.
And God revived the winds, revived the tides ;
And touching her with his Almighty hand,
With force centrifugal, she onward ran,
Coursing her wonted path, to stop no more.

POLLOK.

HEAVEN.

I.

The golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see ;
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angel's thoughts can be !
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding-garment on ?
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there
Conduct me to thy glorious throne !
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night !

BOWRING.

HEAVEN.

II.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true but Heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume,
  As fading hues of even :
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb ;
  There's nothing bright but Heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
  From wave to wave we're driven;
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way ;
  There's nothing calm but Heaven.

MOORE.

HEAVEN.

III.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
  To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
  'Tis found above—in Heaven!

There is a soft, a downy bed,
  'Tis fair as breath of even ;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
  And find repose in Heaven!

There is a home for weary souls,
  By sin and sorrow driven!
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
  And all is drear but Heaven!

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
  The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
  And all serene, in Heaven!

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
  And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
  Appears the dawn of Heaven!

TAPPAN.

HEAVEN.

IV.

Weep, mourner, for the joys that fade
  Like evening lights away—
For hopes, that, like the stars decayed,
  Have left thy mortal clay;
Yet clouds of sorrow will dispart,
  And brillian skies be given;
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
  Amid the bowers of Heaven;
Where songs of praise are ever sung,
To angel-harp, by angel-tongue.

Weep, mourner, for the friends that pass
  Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
  Along the whelming wave;
Yet though thy pleasure may depart,
  And darksome days be given,
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart,
  When friends rejoin in Heaven;
Where streams of joy glide ever on,
Around the Lord's eternal throne.

KNOX.

HEAVEN.

V.

Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,

On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!—
Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doomed on his airy path a while to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

CAMPBELL.

HEAVEN.

VI.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?—
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;

And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"—
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"—
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,—
It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

THE SONG OF HEAVEN.

Harps of eternity! begin the song!
Redeemed, and angel harps! begin to God—
Begin the anthem, ever sweet and new,
While I extol him, holy, just, and good,
Life, beauty, light, intelligence, and love!
Eternal, uncreated, infinite!
Unsearchable Jehovah! God of truth!
Maker, upholder, governor of all:
Thyself unmade, ungoverned, unupheld.
Omnipotent, unchangeable, great God!
Exhaustless fulness! giving unimpaired!
Bounding immensity, unspread, unbound!
Highest and best! beginning, middle, end.
All seeing Eye! all seeing, and unseen!
Hearing, unheard! all knowing, and unknown!
Above all praise! above all height of thought!
Proprietor of immortality!
Glory ineffable! Bliss underived!
Of old thou built'st thy throne on righteousness,

Before the morning stars their song began,
Or silence heard the voice of praise. Thou laid'st
Eternity's foundation stone, and saw'st
Life and existence out of thee begin.
Mysterious more, the more displayed, where still
Upon thy glorious throne thou sitt'st alone:
Hast sat alone; and shalt for ever sit
Alone—invisible, immortal One!
Behind, essential brightness unbeheld.
Incomprehensible! What weight shall weigh?
What measure measure thee?—What know we more
Of thee? what need to know, than thou hast taught,
And bidd'st us still repeat, at morn and even?
God! everlasting Father, Holy One!
Our God! our Father, our eternal All:
Source whence we came, and whither we return;
Who made our spirits, who our bodies made;
Who made the heaven, who made the flowery land;
Who made all made; who orders, governs all:
Who walks upon the wind; who holds the wave
In hollow of thy hand; whom thunders wait;
Whom tempests serve; whom flaming fires obey;
Who guides the circuit of the endless years:
Sittest on high, and makest creation's top
Thy footstool; and behold'st below thee, all—
All nought, all less than nought, and vanity.
Like transient dust that hovers on the scale
Ten thousand worlds are scattered in thy breath.
Thou sitt'st on high, and measurest destinies,
And days, and months, and wide revolving years:
And dost according to thy holy will;
And none can stay thy hand; and none withhold
Thy glory; for in judgment, thou, as well
As mercy, art exalted; day and night,
Past, present, future, magnify thy name:
Thy works all praise thee; all thy angels praise:
Thy saints adore, and on thy altars burn
The fragrant incense of perpetual love:
They praise thee now; their hearts, their voices praise,
And swell the rapture of the glorious song.
Harp! lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
And loudest, ye redeemed! glory to God,

And to the Lamb, who bought us with his blood,
From every kindred, nation, people, tongue,
And washed, and sanctified, and saved our souls;
And gave us robes of linen pure, and crowns
Of life, and made us kings and priests to God.
Shout back to ancient Time! sing loud, and wave
Your palms of triumph! sing, Where is thy sting,
O Death? where is thy victory, O Grave?
Thanks be to God, eternal thanks, who gave
Us victory through Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Harp, lift thy voice on high! shout, angels, shout!
And loudest, ye redeemed! glory to God,
And to the Lamb—all glory and all praise;
All glory and all praise, at morn and even,
That come and go eternally, and find
Us happy still, and thee for ever blest.
Glory to God, and to the Lamb! Amen.
For ever, and for evermore. Amen.

POLLOK.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

Mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
  Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
  Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
The spirits of past delight obey;—
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song, that bears
  From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
  The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.*

* "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See Brown's Illustr. Tab. 19.

'Tis I that mingle in sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When Memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touched by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high amid death
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.
And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
When Music has reached her inward soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
While heaven's eternal melodies roll!

MOORE.

MUSIC.

I.

Of all the arts beneath the heaven,
That man has found, or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As Music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love.

HOGG.

MUSIC.

II.

Oh! perfect is a plaintive tune
When slowly sung at fall of even,
In some wild glen beneath the moon,
When silence binds the earth and heaven.

Remembrance rises faint and dim,
Of sorrows suffered long ago,
And Joy delighteth in the hymn,
Although it only breathe of wo.

WILSON.

MUSIC.

III.

Is there a heart that Music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

BEATTIE.

MUSIC.

IV.

Amid the golden gifts which Heaven
Has left, like portions of its light, on earth,
None hath such influence as Music hath.
The painter's hues stand visible before us
In power and beauty; we can trace the thoughts
Which are the workings of the poet's mind:
But Music is a mystery, and viewless
Even when present, and is less man's act,
And less within his order; for the hand
That can call forth the tones, yet cannot tell
Whither they go, or if they live or die,
When floated once beyond his feeble ear;
And then, as if it were an unreal thing,
The wind will sweep from the neglected strings
As rich a swell as ever minstrel drew.

MISS LANDON.

MUSIC.

V.

Sweet charmer of the cottage and the throne-
The desert and the crowded city's throngs—

Oh! let me hear thee, whilst I stand alone
Among the green hills captive to thy songs!—
Or when amid the world's unfeeling wrongs
I dwell a prisoner—or when o'er me roll
The mists of Fancy; yet to thee belongs
To chain to imaged scenes my gladdened soul,
And to unbosom thoughts beyond the world's control!

For thou, oh Music! canst assuage the pain,
And heal the wound, which hath defied the skill
Of sager comforters:—thou dost restrain
Each wild emotion at thy wondrous will;
Thou dost the rage of fiercest passions chill,
Or lightest up the flames of soft desire,
As through the mind thy plaints harmonious thrill,
And thus a magic doth surround the Lyre,
A power divine doth dwell amid the sacred quire!

Thou call'st the soldier to the field of fame,
When drum and trumpet peal the cry of war;
Thou bidst him glory's meed ambitious claim,
And spreadest his unsullied name afar;
And when beneath the evening's placid star,
The lover clasps the form of her he loves,
Thou dost descend on night's aërial car
And hoverest o'er them in the vocal groves,
And hear'st each whispered vow affection's ear approves!

Unto devotion thou dost furnish wings,
Making it soar above the things of earth;
With thee, the soul unto the fountain springs,
Which shall renew it to a second birth:
God, and his power, and his unbounded worth
Thou hallowedst, when light from chaos sprang,
And heaven's high host were jubilant in mirth,
And the wide firmament with harping rang,
And listening, star to star, in their staid courses, sang!

Nature is full of thee:—the summer bower
Respondeth to the songster's morning lay;
The bee his concert keeps from flower to flower,
As forth he sallies on his honied way;

Brook calls to brook as down the hill they stray;
The isles resound with song, from shore to shore;
Whilst viewless minstrels on the wings that play
Consorted strains, in liquid measures, pour
To thunder's deep-toned voice, or ocean's sullen roar.

REV. W. B. CLARKE.

LOVE.

I.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For Love is heaven, and heaven is Love.

SCOTT.

LOVE.

II.

True Love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

LOVE.

III.

O happy Love! where Love like this is found,
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've pacëd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

LOVE.

IV.

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth:
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.

LOVE.

V.

Oh! not when hopes are brightest,
Is all Love's sweet enchantment known;
Oh! not when hearts are lightest,
Is all fond woman's fervour shown:
But when life's clouds o'ertake us,
And the cold world is clothed in gloom;
When summer friends forsake us,
The rose of Love is best in bloom.

Love is no wandering vapour,
  That lures astray with treacherous spark;
Love is no transient taper,
  That lives an hour and leaves us dark:
But, like the lamp that lightens
  The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
The bosom's home it brightens,
  When all beside is chill below.

LOVE.

VI.

What art thou Love? or who may thee define?
Where lies thy bourne of pleasure or of pain?
No sceptre, graved by Reason's hand, is thine,
Child of the moistened eye, and burning brain,
Of glowing fancy, and the fervid vein,
That soft on bed of roses loves to rest,
And crop the flower where lurks the deadly bane!
O many a thorn those dear delights invest,
Child of the rosy cheek, and heaving snow-white breast!

Thou art the genial balm of virtuous youth,
And point'st where Honour waves her wreath on high;
Like the sweet breeze that wanders from the south,
Thou breath'st upon the soul, where embryos lie
Of new delights, the treasures of the sky!
Who knows thy trembling watch in bower of even?
Thy earliest grateful tear and melting sigh?
O never was to yearning mortal given
So dear delights as thine, thou habitant of heaven!

O I will worship even before thy bust,
When my dimmed eye no more thy smile can see!
While this deserted bosom beats, it must
Still beat in unison with hope and thee!
For I have wept o'er perished ecstasy,
And o'er the fall of Beauty's early prime!
But I will dream of new delights to be,
When moon and stars have ceased their range sublime,
And angels rung the knell of all-consuming time.

LOVE.

VII.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mailed;—
But triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few!
Fire, nature, genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where Rapture uttered vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever or to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!
Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of nature needs alloy!
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial Beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun!
Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph, lingering there,
At starry midnight charmed the silent air!
In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure played;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—
The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
And Man, the hermit, sighed—till Woman smiled!

CAMPBELL.

LOVE.

VIII.

Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!
Essence that binds the uncreated Three,
Chain that unites creation to its Lord,
Centre to which all being gravitates,
Eternal, ever-growing, happy Love!
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law;
Entirely blest, because thou seek'st no more,
Hop'st not, nor fear'st; but on the present liv'st,
And hold'st Perfection smiling in thy arms.
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless Love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In Heaven! sweet chord, that harmonizes all
The harps of paradise! the spring, the well,
That fills the bowl and banquet of the sky.—
Hail, Love! first Love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy
She gathereth, and selecteth with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul;
And brings the holy mixture home, and fills
The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
But who would that expound which words transcends
Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene
Of early Love, and thence infer its worth.

POLLOK.

MUTABILITY OF LOVE.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissensions between hearts that love!

Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied!
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
  A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh! Love, that tempests never shook,
  A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till, fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of Love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
  As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plains below,
  Breaks into floods that part for ever.
O you that have the charge of Love,
  Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the fields of bliss above
  He sits, with flowerets fettered round:—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
  Nor ever let him use his wings;
For even an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light,
Like that celestial bird*—whose nest
  Is found below far eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
  Lose all their glory when he flies!—
Some difference of this dangerous kind,—
By which, though light, the links that bind

* "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously, that it is called the celestial bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but, when it flies, they lose all their splendour."—GROSIER.

The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
Some shadow in Love's summer heaven,
Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst.

MOORE.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

I.

Domestic Love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lonely cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide,
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

O, Love of loves! to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea,
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed, for ever closed, thy plume!

CROLY.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

II.

O happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love:

Where Friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.—
Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss;
All various Nature pressing on the heart;
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.

THOMSON.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

I.

There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.—It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Aye, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well.—And this is love!
This is *man's* love! what marvel? *you* ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy;
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell; and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! *You* ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph broke
On your dim weary eye; not *yours* the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and duly, as heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening! *You* ne'er smoothed
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,

Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to his,
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are Woman's tasks! in these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked!

MRS. HEMANS.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

II.

A MOTHER'S Love—how sweet the name!
What is a Mother's Love?—
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest Love that *can* grow cold;
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest
Then while it slumbers watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold?
Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy?
A Mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;—
Is *this* a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer, "No!"
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
Yet, ah! remember this;—
The infant, reared alone for earth,
May live, may die—to curse his birth;—
Is this a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell;
Nourish its frame—destroy its mind;
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant! whom his Mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And poured upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the word;
This was the lesson to her son,
Time is eternity begun:
Behold that Mother's Love.*

Blest Mother! who, in wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God:
Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
Begin eternity in time,
Taught by that Mother's Love.

* 2 Tim 1. 5 and iii 14, 15.

That Mother's Love!—how sweet the name!
What was that Mother's Love?
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows old:
This was that Mother's Love.

MONTGOMERY.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

III.

Unlike all other earthly things,
Which ever shift and ever change,
The Love which a fond Mother brings
Nought earthly can estrange.
Concentrated, and strong, and bright,
A vestal flame it glows
With pure, self-sacrificing light,
Which no cold shadow throws.
All that by mortal can be done
A Mother ventures for her son.
If marked by worth and merit high,
Her bosom beats with ecstasy;
And though he own nor worth nor charm,
To him her faithful heart is warm.
Though wayward passions round him close,
And fame and fortune prove his foes;
Through every change of good and ill
Unchanged a Mother loves him still.
And when those kindred cords are broken
Which twine around the heart;
When friends their farewell word have spoken,
And to the grave depart:
When parents, brothers, husband, die,
And desolation only
At every step meets her dim eye,
Inspiring visions lonely:
Love's last and strongest root below,
Which widowed Mothers only know,

Watered by each successive grief,
Puts forth a fresher, greener leaf.
Divided streams unite in one,
And deepen round her only son;
And when her early friends are gone,
She lives and breathes in him alone.*

A. BETHUNE.

MATERNAL HOPE.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps.
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy,—
"Sleep, image of thy father,—sleep, my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh, that rends thy father's heart and mine.
Bright, as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past,—
With many a smile, my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
And say, when, summoned from this world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh! wilt thou come at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my wo?"
So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look, regard, or brighten in reply:
But, when the cherub lip hath learned to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name,—

* From Select Literary Remains of the late Alexander Bethune, which, together with a sketch of his Life, are preparing for publication, by my friend, Mr. M'Combie, Cairnballoch.—EDITOR.

Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps, with holy look, his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear,—
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom true to sympathy!

CAMPBELL.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Her, by her smile, how soon the infant knows!
How soon, by his, the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard;
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise,
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue,)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings;
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss to kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!
But soon a nobler task demands her care;
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there.
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye—now many a written thought,
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.
Released, he chases the bright butterfly;
Oft he would follow—follow through the sky!
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;

Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat, so long his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight.

ROGERS.

CHILDHOOD.

I.

In a Child's voice is there not melody?
In a Child's eye, is there not rapture seen?
And rapture not of passion's revelry;
Calm, though impassioned; durable, though keen!
It is all fresh, like the young spring's first green!
Children seem spirits from above descended,
To whom still cleaves heaven's atmosphere serene;
Their very wildnesses with truth are blended;
Fresh from their skiey mould, they cannot be amended.

Warm and uncalculating, they're more wise,—
More sense that ecstasy of theirs denotes,—
More of the stuff have they of Paradise,
And more the music of the warbling throats
Of choirs whose anthem round the Eternal floats,
Than all that bards e'er feigned, or tuneful skill
Has e'er struck forth from artificial notes:
Theirs is that language, ignorant of ill,
Born from a perfect harmony of power and will.

LLOYD.

CHILDHOOD.

II.

Not happy only, but the cause of joy,
Which those who never tasted always mourned.

What tongue?—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name;
As living jewels dropt unstained from heaven,
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,
Than every ornament of costlier hue.
And who hath not been ravished as she passed,
With all her playful band of little ones,
Like Luna, with her daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron majesty and grace?—
All who had hearts here pleasure found: and oft
Have I, when tired with heavy task, relaxed
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
And led them by their little hands, a-field;
And watched them run and crop the tender flower,
Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
With smiling face, that waited for a look
Of praise,—and answered curious questions, put
In much simplicity, but ill to solve,
And heard their observations, strange and new,
And settled, whiles, their little quarrels, soon
Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.

POLLOK.

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
  How sweet the lily grows?
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
  Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
  The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
  Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
  The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
  Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

Dependant on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

HEBER.

CHILDHOOD'S TEAR.

The tear, down Childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush,—the flower is dry.

SCOTT.

MATERNAL CONSOLATION.

When we are sick, where can we turn for succour,
When we are wretched, where can we complain;
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye,
With such sure confidence, as to a Mother?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

MY MOTHER.

I.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky,
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,

Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.
'Tis thus, though wooed by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be,)
This heart, my own dear Mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee.

MOORE.

MY MOTHER.

II.

And canst thou, Mother, for a moment think,
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond Memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy grief assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

WHITE.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its wo;
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony—
This is a Mother's grief.

Through dreary days and darker nights,
  To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
  The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
  And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
  This is a Mother's grief!

To see in one short hour, decayed
  The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
  How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
  O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
  This is a Mother's grief!

Yet when the first wild throb is past
  Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
  And think, "My child is there!"
This best can dry the gushing tears,
  This yields the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope
  O'ercomes a Mother's grief.



A FATHER'S GRIEF.

To trace the bright rose fading fast
  From a fair daughter's cheek;
To read upon her pensive brow
  The fears she will not speak;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
  So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay—
  This is a Father's grief.

When languor, from her joyless couch,
  Has scared sweet sleep away,

And heaviness, that comes with night,
Departs not with the day;
To meet the fond endearing smile,
That seeks, with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart—
This is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
While life is ebbing fast;
To mark that once illumined eye
With death's dull film o'ercast;—
To watch the struggles of the frame
When earth has no relief,
And hopes of Heaven are breathed in vain—
This is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead;
To look, unconsciously, for *her*
The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys—and look *in vain*—
This is a Father's grief!

And not when that dread hour is past,
And life is pain no more—
Not when the dreary tomb hath closed
O'er her so loved before;
Not then does kind oblivion come
To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave he bears
A Father's rooted grief.

For oh! to dry a Mother's tears,
Another babe may bloom;
But what remains on earth for him
Whose last is in the tomb?
To think his shield is blest above—
To hope their parting brief,—
These, these may soothe—but death alone
Can heal a Father's grief.

DALE.

WOMAN.

I.

O WOMAN! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and ill to please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

SCOTT.

WOMAN.

II

The very first
Of human life must spring from Woman's breast;
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a Woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

BYRON.

WOMAN.

III.

WOMAN all exceeds
In ardent sanctitude and pious deeds;
And chief in Woman charities prevail
That soothe when sorrows and disease assail.
As dropping balm medicinal instils
Health when we pine, her tears alleviate ills;
And the moist emblems of her pity flow
As heaven relented with the watery bow.
Let pearls embellish tresses, dew the morn,
But beauties more divine the maid adorn
When mourning him she loved, her tender tear,
That else had blest his bed, imbathes his bier.—
Ask the poor pilgrim on this convex cast,
His grizzled locks distorted in the blast;
Ask him what accent soothes, what hand bestows,
The cordial beverage, garment, and repose;

O he will dart a spark of ancient flame,
And clasp his tremulous hands, and Woman name.
Peruse the sacred volume—Him who died
Her kiss betrayed not, nor her tongue denied,
While even the apostle left him to his doom,
She lingered round his cross, and watched his tomb.

BARRET.

WOMAN.

IV.

WOMAN! blest partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill!
Bright o'er the wasted scene, thou hoverest still,
Angel of comfort to the failing soul;
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll,
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow howl.

When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
O, who so welcome and so prompt as thou!
The battle's hurried scene and angry glow,—
The death-encircled pillow of distress,—
The lonely moments of secluded wo,—
Alike thy care and constancy confess,
Alike thy pitying hand, and fearless friendship bless!

EASTBURN. *(American.)*

WOMAN.

V.

"To a woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action: in so free and kind a manner did they contribute to my relief, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."—LEDYARD.

PLACE the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,

Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white:
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal:
Hers is warm Pity's sacred glow;
From all her stores, she bears a part,
And bids the spring of hope reflow,
That languished in the fainting heart.

"What though so pale his haggart face,
So sunk and sad his looks"—she cries;
"And far unlike our nobler race,
With crisped locks and rolling eyes;
Yet Misery marks him of our kind;
We see him lost, alone, afraid;
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
Pronounce him man, and ask our aid.

"Perhaps in some far distant shore,
There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more,
Than ours of jet thus burnished bright:
Of such may be his weeping wife,
Such children for their sire may call,
And if we spare his ebbing life,
Our kindness may preserve them all."

Thus her compassion Woman shows,
Beneath the line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland snows,
Can her warm flow of pity freeze:—
"From some sad land the stranger comes,
Where joys, like ours, are never found;
Let's soothe him in our happy homes,
Where Freedom sits, with plenty crowned.

"'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
To see the famished stranger fed;
To milk for him the mother-deer,
To smooth for him the furry bed.

The Powers above our Lapland bless
With good no other people know,
To enlarge the joys that we possess,
By feeling those that we bestow!"

Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering man may trace his kind;
Wherever Grief and Want retreat,
In Woman they Compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.

Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And Woman holds affliction dear:
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear;
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear.
To Woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe, and age they cheer.

CRABBE.

HOME

I.

Yes, Home still charms, and he who clad in fur,
His rapid rein-deer drives o'er plains of snow,
Would rather to the same wild tracts recur,
That various life had marked with joy or wo,
Than wander, where the spicy breezes blow,
To kiss the hyacinths of Azza's hair—
Rather, than where luxuriant summers glow,
To the white mosses of his hills repair,
And bid his antler train the simple banquet share.

POLWHELE.

HOME.

II.

The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from Home, with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And, as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted with white sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse reflection's sadly-pleasing train,
And oft he looks, and weeps, and looks again.
So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of science, wooed the gale,
That rising swelled their strange expanse of sail,—
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved, such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled:
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.
So, Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade:
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

HOME.

III.

The dearest spot of earth to me
Is Home, sweet Home!
The fairy-land I long to see
Is Home, sweet Home!

There, how charmed the sense of hearing!
There, where love is so endearing!—
All the world is not so cheering
As Home, sweet Home!

I've taught my heart the way to prize
My Home, sweet Home!
I've learned to look with lover's eyes
On Home, sweet Home!
There, where vows are truly plighted!
There, where hearts are so united!—
All the world besides I've slighted
For Home, sweet Home!

KNIGHT.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet, in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from sabbath-hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

MRS. HEMANS.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air:
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,
The heritage of nature's noblest grace,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:

Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of love and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
" Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* Country, and that spot *thy* Home.—
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
His Home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

MONTGOMERY.

BRITAIN.

I.

O Albion ! O my mother isle !
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers ;
Thy grassy uplands, gentle swells,
Echo to the bleat of flocks ;
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells,
Proudly ramparted with rocks ;)
And ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his Island-child.

COLERIDGE.

BRITAIN.

II.

Beauteous Isle,
And plenteous ! what though in thy atmosphere
Float not the taintless luxury of light,
The dazzling azure of the southern skies :
Around thee the rich orb of thy renown

Spreads taintless, and unsullied by a cloud.
Though thy hills blush not with the purple vine,
And softer climes excel thee in the hue
And fragrance of thy summer fruits and flowers,
Nor flow thy rivers over golden beds;
Thou in the soul of man, thy better wealth,
Art richest: nature's noblest produce thou,
The immortal mind in perfect height and strength,
Bear'st with an opulence prodigal; this thy right,
Thy privilege of climate and of soil.

BRITAIN.

III.

Of earthly sort I do not aught remember,—
If partial feeling to my native place
Lead not my lyre astray,—of fairer view,
And comelier walk, than the blue mountain-paths
And snowy cliffs of Albion renowned;
Albion, an isle long blest with gracious laws,
And gracious kings, and favoured much of heaven,
Though yielding oft penurious gratitude.
Nor do I of that isle remember aught
Of prospect more sublime and beautiful,
Than Scotia's northern battlement of hills,
Which first I from my father's house beheld
At dawn of life: beloved in memory still,
And standard still of rural imagery.
What most resembles them, the fairest seems,
And stirs the eldest sentiments of bliss;
And, pictured on the tablet of my heart,
Their distant shapes eternally remain,
And in my dreams their cloudy tops arise.

BRITAIN.

IV.

I love thee, O my native Isle!
Dear as my mother's earliest smile,

Sweet as my father's voice to me
Is all I hear, and all I see;
When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
In view thy public virtues stand,
The guardian-angels of thy coast,
To watch the dear domestic host,
The heart's affections, pleased to roam
Around the quiet heaven of home.
I love thee,—when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures, which neither Indies know.
I love thee,—when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters labouring on their course,
And arts, and industry, and wealth,
Exulting in the joys of health.
I love thee,—when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire:
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame:
Nor less delighted, when I stray
Down history's lengthening, widening way,
And hail thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine, over land and main.
I love thee,—when I read the lays
Of British bards, in elder days,
Till, wrapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs my spirit sings;
For I, amidst thy living choir,
I too, can touch the sacred lyre.
I love thee,—when thy Sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales, and lawns
And streams, that sparkle while they run,
As if their fountain were the sun:
When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,
Each to their chosen house of prayer,

And all in peace and freedom call
On him, who is the Lord of all.

MONTGOMERY.

BRITAIN.

V.

My heart has sighed in secret, when I thought
That the dark tide of time might one day close,
England! o'er thee, as long since it has closed
On Egypt and on Tyre: that ages hence,
From the Pacific's billowy loneliness,
Whose track thy daring search revealed, some isle
Might rise in green-haired beauty eminent,
And, like a goddess, glittering from the deep,
Hereafter sway the sceptre of domain
From pole to pole; and such as now thou art,
Perhaps New Holland be, for who shall say
What the Omnipotent, Eternal One
That made the world hath purposed? Thoughts like these,
Though visionary, rise; and sometimes move
A moment's sadness, when I think of thee,
My Country, of thy greatness, and thy name,
Among the nations; and thy character
(Though some few spots be on thy flowing robe,)
Of loveliest beauty. I have never past
Through thy green hamlets on a summer's morn,
Or heard thy sweet bells ring, or seen the youths
And smiling maidens of the villagery,
Gay in their Sunday 'tire, but I have said,
With passing tenderness, "Live, happy land,
Where the poor peasant feels his shed, though small,
An independence and a pride, that fill
His honest heart with joy—joy such as they
Who crowd the mart of men may never feel."
Such, England, is thy boast; when I have heard
The roar of oceans bursting round thy rocks,
Or seen a thousand thronging masts aspire,
Far as the eye could reach, from every port
Of every nation, streaming with their flags
O'er the still mirror of the conscious Thames,—

Yes, I have felt a proud emotion swell,
That I was British-born; that I had lived
A witness of thy glory, my most loved
And honoured Country; and silent prayer
Would rise to Heaven, that fame, and peace, and love,
And liberty, would walk thy vales, and sing
Their holy hymns; whilst thy brave arm repelled
Hostility, even as thy guardian rocks
Repel the dash of ocean.

BOWLES.

BRITAIN.

VI.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires.
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad
Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatched thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds, in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquelled
Against the mowers scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine: thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleased, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the oar he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves

His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinewed, and by danger fired,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plains
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renowned;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provoked,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not so be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

THOMSON.

SCOTLAND.

I.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  "This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel-raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love thee better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

SCOTT.

SCOTLAND.

II.

Dear to my spirit, Scotland, hast thou been,
Since infant years, in all thy glens of green;
Land of my love, where every sound and sight
Comes in soft melody, or melts in light;
Land of the green wood by the silver rill,
The heather and the daisy of the hill,
The guardian thistle to the foeman stern,
The wild-rose, hawthorn, and the lady-fern;
Land of the lark, that like a seraph sings,
Beyond the rainbow, upon quivering wings;
Land of wild beauty and romantic shapes,
Of sheltered valleys, and of stormy capes;
Of the bright garden, and the tangled brake,
Of the dark mountain, and the sun-lit lake;
Land of my birth, and of my father's grave,
The eagle's home, the eyrie of the brave;

Land of affection, and of native worth,
Land where my bones shall mingle with the earth;
The foot of slave thy heather never stained,
Nor rocks, that battlement thy sons, profaned;
Unrivalled land of science and of arts;
Land of fair faces, and of faithful hearts;
Land where Religion paves her heavenward road,
Land of the temple of the living God!
Yet dear to feeling, Scotland, as thou art,
Shouldst thou that glorious temple e'er desert,
I would disclaim thee,—seek the distant shore
Of Christian isle, and thence return no more.

JAMES GRAY.

SCOTLAND.

III.

O SCOTIA! my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

BURNS.

SCOTLAND.

IV.

Land of my fathers, though no mangrove here
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,
Nor scaly palm her fingered scions shoot,
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree;
Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free!
Free as his lord the peasant treads the plain,
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain;
Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
And vain of Scotia's old unconquered might.
Dear native valleys! long may ye retain
The chartered freedom of the mountain swain!
Long 'mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,
May rural innocence and beauty meet;
And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm!

LEYDEN.

THE SCOTTISH EXILE'S FAREWELL.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song!
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow!
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The battle mound—the border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell—
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each, to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts!—our father's home!—
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Or view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long—and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

PRINGLE.

NATURE.

I.

Oh! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!

BEATTIE.

NATURE.

II.

O Nature! by impassioned hearts alone
Thy genuine charms are felt. The vulgar mind

Sees but the shadow of a power unknown:
Thy loftier beauties beam not to the blind
And sensual throng, to grovelling hopes resigned:
But they whom high and lofty thoughts inspire
Adore thee, in celestial glory shrined
In that diviner fane where Love's pure fire
Burns bright, and Genius tunes his loud immortal lyre:

NATURE.

III.

To sit on rocks; to muse o'er flood and fell;
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock, that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;—
This is not solitude: 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

BYRON.

NATURE.

IV.

O NATURE! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is his presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream.
To think that he, who hears the heavenly choirs,
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;
To think that he, who rolls yon solar sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark his presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower; to hear his awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel his care for all that lives;—
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear

A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
Yes! place me 'mid far stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard, the heath-bell there
Would please my weary sight, and tell of Thee!
There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault, by day, by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole;
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
"The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shows forth his handy work!"



NATURE.

V.

THE God of Nature and of grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned;
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens—the mountains stand
A highway for their God;
He walks amidst the desert land,—
'Tis Eden where he trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice:
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills he feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds—
O could we catch their strains!

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light;
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night!

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers.
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!

MONTGOMERY.

NATURE.

VI.

Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,

And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravished eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from thee!

THOMSON.

ACTION A LAW OF NATURE.

The opening morn, resplendent noon,
  With heaven's bright glory graced,
Meek vesper, and night's silent moon
  Tell nought remains at rest.

The comet, wandering far on high,
  'Midst countless planets placed,
Rolls ceaseless through the boundless sky—
  For nought remains at rest.

The tide returns, and ebbs again
  The river hies with haste,
With rills and springs into the main—
  For nought remains at rest.

The various seasons as they rise,—
  Mild spring with flowery vest,
Bright summer, autumn, winter's skies,
  Tell nought remains at rest.

Thus day, and night, and star, and flood,
  And seasons—all attest
That, through the wondrous works of God,
  There's nought remains at rest.

If action then be nature's law,
  Be this great truth impressed:

That life in deeds of love should flow—
All blessing, and all blest.

DAVID GRANT.



GOD THE AUTHOR OF NATURE.

There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are his,
That make so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshalls all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. One spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal Nature! not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In Nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN NATURE.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
  Of all this wondrous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
  Are but reflections caught from thee!
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When Day with farewell beam delays,
  Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
  Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues that mark the day's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When Night, with wings of stormy gloom,
  O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
  Is sparkling with a thousand dyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
  Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the Summer wreathes,
  Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

MOORE.

THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

There is a tongue in every leaf,—
  A voice in every rill;—
A voice that speaketh every where,
In flood and fire, through earth and air!
  A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious—life and death,
Time and eternity!

I see him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder cloud;
I hear him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar
When winds are piping loud.

I see him, hear him, *every where*,
In *all things*—darkness, light,
Silence, and sound; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the dead hour of night.

I *feel* him in the silent dews,
By grateful earth betrayed;
I feel him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine, and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am!)
I've turned in silent mood
From all these things, whereof he said,
When the great whole was finishëd,
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like unwholesome dew;—
The darkness that encompassed me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet was he patient—slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining discontent,
Acceptance cold or negligent,
And promises revoked;

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart !—
Not always so—I woke again,
To join creation's rapturous strain,
" O Lord, how good thou art!"

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
The glorious sun broke out,
And love, and hope, and gratitude,
Dispelled that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

MISS BOWLES.

THE HIGHLANDS.

Stranger ! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed,
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne ;
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky.

Yes ! 'twas sublime, but sad.—The loneliness
Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye ;
And strange and awful fears began to press
Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.
Then hast thou wished some woodman's cottage nigh,
Something that showed of life though low and mean ;
Glad sight, its curling wreaths of smoke to spy.
Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would have been,
Or children whooping wild beneath the willows green.

Such are the scenes where savage grandeur wakes
An awful thrill that softens into sighs ;
Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes ;
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise :
Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,

Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize
Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Corisken roar.

SCOTT.

A HIGHLAND GLEN.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living dream ?
Silent—as infant at the breast—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring !

The heavens appear to love this vale ;
Here clouds with unseen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie !
By that blue arch this beauteous earth,
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

Oh ! that this lovely vale were mine—
Then from glad youth to calm decline
My years would gently glide ;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven.
A piety sublime ;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make, in this deep solitude,
Eternity of time !

And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale ?—I feel that I have wronged
Nature's most gracious soul !
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint heirs of the whole !

Yea! long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
  By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
  Is built amid the skies.

WILSON.

ODE TO ENTERPRISE.

On lofty mountains roaming,
O'er bleak perennial snow,
Where cataracts are foaming,
And raging north-winds blow:
Where hungry wolves are prowling,
And famished eagles cry;
Where tempests loud are howling,
And lowering vapours fly:

There, at the peep of morning,
Bedecked with dewy tears,
Wild weeds her brows adorning,
Lo! Enterprise appears:
While keen-eyed Expectation
Still points to objects new,
See panting Emulation,
Her fleeting steps pursue!

List, list, Celestial Virgin:
And oh the vow record!
From grovelling cares emerging,
I pledge this solemn word:—
By deserts, fields, or fountains,
While health, while life remains,
O'er Lapland's icy mountains,
O'er Afric's burning plains;

Or, 'midst the darksome wonders
Which earth's vast caves conceal,
Where subterraneous thunders
The miner's path reveal;

Where, bright in matchless lustre,
The lithal flowers* unfold,
And 'midst the beauteous cluster,
Beams efflorescent gold;

In every varied station,
Whate'er my fate may be,
My hope, my exultation
Is still to follow thee.
When age with sickness blended,
Shall check the gay career,
And death, though long suspended,
Begins to hover near;

Then oft in visions fleeting,
May thy fair form be nigh,
And still thy votary greeting,
Receive his parting sigh;
And tell a joyful story,
Of some new world to come,
Where kindred souls in glory,
May call the wanderer home!

DR. E. D. CLARKE.

MOUNTAINS.

WHAT lonely magnificence stretches around!
Each sight how sublime! and how awful each sound!
All hushed and serene, as a region of dreams,
The Mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams;
Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
But calm their blue tops in the beauty of heaven,
Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear—
Aye! Time the destroyer in power hath been here;
And the forest that hung on yon mountain so high,
Like a black thunder cloud on the arch of the sky,
Hath gone, like a cloud, when the tempest came by.
Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and decayed,
Where the floods have been raging, the limbs are displayed,

* Crystals, the blossoms of the mineral world; disclosing the nature and properties of stones, as those of vegetables are made known by their flowers.

Of the pine tree and oak, sleeping vast in the gloom,—
The kings of the forest disturbed in their tomb.
E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold,
O'erhanging the desert, the forests of old!
So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade,
Like the heavens above them, they never may fade,
The sun-light is on them, in silence they sleep—
A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep,
When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of morn.
Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne,—
And the hill-side is swinging, and roars with a sound
In the heart of the forest embosomed profound,
Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er,
And the Mountain of thunder is still as the shore,
When the sea is at ebb; not a leaf nor a breath,
To disturb the wild solitude, stedfast as death.

WILSON.

MONT BLANC.

I.

The world has seen strange change; yet here art thou,
Mont Blanc, while generations pass away;
Thy vast heights glistening with untrodden snow,
On which the sun at eve imprints his ray;
There lingers yet the mild farewell of day,
The blue lake sleeps below in tranquil sheen;
Here, among nature's miracles, I'll pray
To nature's deity;—how vast the scene!
The loveliest works of God—the grandest too are seen.

Here from our slumbers light we rise to feel
The consciousness of being: fresh and free
The soul pours forth its orisons with zeal
To the great Spirit of eternity,
That was, and is, and shall for ever be.
The fertile valleys, giant mountains, prove
The omnipresence of the Deity!
Best emblems of his wisdom, power and love,
Pervading all things here, around, below, above.

The golden sun has coloured all the woods!
Fresh views succeed; each brighter than the last!
There barren rocks are chancelled by the floods,
Here Flora's beauties cannot be surpassed.
Lausanne, a universe of charms thou hast;
There winter's fettered in his icy bed.—
Steeps rise o'er steeps immeasurably vast;—
While the rude crags, projecting overhead,
.Strike in the stoutest hearts a momentary dread.

The ambitious rhododendron climbs the snow;
Pines darken round the mountain's side;—behold
A thousand rills from icy caverns flow,
Rushing o'er rocks irregularly bold,
Where the tenacious sapling keeps its hold,
Below the dark stream with collected force
Still rolling on, as it has ever rolled,
Through the wide plains shapes its resistless course,
As rude as ocean's self; as grand as is its source.

LEIGH.

MONT BLANC.

II.

MOUNTAIN,—who reignest o'er thine Alpine peers
Transcendently, and from that massive crown
Of arrowy brightness dartest down thy beams
Upon their lesser coronets,—all hail!
Unto the souls in hallowed musing wrapt,
Spirits in which creation's glorious forms
Do shadow forth and speak the Invisible,
The Ethereal, the Eternal, thou dost shine
With emblematic brightness. Those untrod
And matchless domes, though many a weary league
Beyond the gazer, when the misty veil
Dies round them, start upon his dazzled sight
In vastness almost tangible; thy smooth
And bold convexity of silent snows
Raised on the still and dark blue firmament!—
Mountain,—thou image of eternity!—
Oh, let not foreign feet inquisitive,

Swift in untrained aspirings, proudly tempt
Thy searchless waste!—What half-taught fortitude
Can balance unperturbed above the clefts
Of yawning and unfathomable ice
That moat thee round; or wind the giddy ledge
Of thy sheer granite! Hath he won his way,
That young investigator? Yes; but now,
Quick panting on superior snows, his frame
Trembles in dizziness; his wandering look
Drinks pale confusion; the wide scene is dim;
Its all of firm or fleeting, near or far,
Deep rolling clouds beneath, and wavering mists
That flit above him with their transient shades,
And storm-deriding rocks, and treacherous snows,
And blessëd sunlight, in his dying eye,
Float dubious; and 'tis midnight at his heart!—
Mountain,—that firm and ardent Genevese,
The enthusiast child of science, whose bold foot
Bounded across thine ice rents, who disdained
The frozen outworks of thy steep ravines,
And through a labyrinth of crystal rocks
Pressed his untired ascent, even he, and all
His iron-band of native mountaineers,
While scaling the aërial cupola
Of nature's temple, owned a breathless pang.
Thy most attenuate element is fit
For angel roamings. True, his zealous mind
Achieved its philosophic aim, and marked
And measured thee; but turned to earthly climes
Full soon, and bent in gladness toward the vale.—
Mountain,—the sons of science or of taste,
Need not essay such triumph. 'Tis more wise
And happier—till a fiery chariot wait,
To scan from lesser heights thy glorious whole;
To climb above the deep though lofty plain
That wrongs thee; pass its line of envious peaks,
And, stationed at thy cross, sublime Flegere!
Thence meditate the monarch's grandeur, while
His hosts of subject hills are spread beneath;
For scarce, till then, his own colossal might
Seems disenthralled; and mute astonishment,
Unquenched by doubt or dread, at each new step,

Shall own his aspect more celestial still.
There in some hollow rock reclining, whence
The bright-eyed chamois sprang ; with tufted bells
Of rhododendron blushing at my feet;
The unprofaned recess of Alpine life
Were all my world that hour ; and the vast mount
In his lone majesty would picture heaven.—
Bright Mountain,—ah! but volumed clouds enwrap
Thy broad foundations, curtain all thy steeps,
And, rising as the orb of day declines,
Brood on the vassal chain that flank thee round,
Then thy whole self involve—save, haply, when
A quick and changing vista may reveal
Some spotless portion of thy front, and show
Thee not unstable, like the earth-born cloud,
Brilliant, though hid, abiding if unseen.
Then as the vale grows darker, and the sun
Deserts unnumbered hills, o'er that high zone
Of gathered vapours thou dost sudden lift
Thy silver brow, calm as the hour of eve,
Clear as the morning, still as the midnight,
More beautiful than noon ; for lo! the sun
Lingers to greet thee with a roseate ray,
And on thy silver brow his bright farewell
Is gleaming:—Mountain,—thou art half divine!
Severed from earth! Irradiate from heaven!—
Thus even the taught of heaven, with joyless eye
Fixed on the sable clouds which fear hath cast
O'er all the landscape of his destiny,
May fail to pierce them; but, though legioned shapes
Of nether evil, though the deep array
Of stern adversities, and murky hosts
Of dark illusions blot his upper skies,
Yet, as they change, through that incumbent gloom
Shall he catch glimpses of the hallowed Mount,
And weep that heaven is bright.—And at the hour
Of stillness, when even frightful shadows fade,
When night seems closing o'er his latest hopes,
And his sun set for ever,—then, behold,
Emerging, in mid heaven, thy glistening top.
O Zion! and the God that ruled his day
Hath not departed; for he poureth now

His radiance on thy summits, glancing back
A thrilling flood into his servant's soul!
"Joy full of glory!"—Was the noon-day dark?
It was;—but eve is cloudless; night is peace;
Rapture shall gild the never-ending morn!

SHEFFIELD IRIS.

THE SUN.

I.

Thou mightiest work of Him
That launched thee forth, a golden-crownëd bridegroom,
To hang thy everlasting nuptial lamp
In the exulting heavens. In thee the light,
Creation's eldest-born, was tatumacled.
To thee was given to quicken slumbering nature,
And lead the seasons' slow vicissitude
Over the fertile breast of mother earth;
Till men began to stoop their grovelling prayers
From the Almighty Sire of all to thee.
And I will add,—Thou universal emblem
Hung in the forehead of the all-seen heavens,
Of Him, that with the light of righteousness
Dawned on our latter days; the visitant dayspring
Of the benighted world. Enduring splendour!
Giant refreshed; that evermore renewest
Thy flaming strength; nor ever shalt thou cease,
With time coeval, even till time itself
Hath perished in eternity. Then thou
Shalt own, from thy apparent deity
Debased, thy mortal nature, from the sky
Withering before the all-enlightening Lamb,
Whose radiant throne shall quench all other fires.
Mark how the purple clouds
Throng to pavilion him: the officious winds
Pant forth to purify his azure path
From Night's dun vapours and fast-scattering mists.
The glad earth wakes in adoration; all
The voices of all animated things lift up
Tumultuous orisons; the spacious world
Lives but in him, that is its life. But he,

Disdainful of the universal homage,
Holds his proud way, and vindicates for his own
The illimitable heavens, in solitude,
Of peerless glory unapproachable.

THE SUN.

II.

Glorious Orb! the idol
Of early nature, and the vigorous race
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
More beautiful than they, which did draw down
The erring spirits who can ne'er return.
Most glorious Orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed!
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladdened, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured
Themselves in orisons! Thou material god!
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!
Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects,—thou dost rise,
And shine and set in glory!

BYRON.

THE SUN.

III.

In wonder risest thou, material Orb!
And youthfulness—a symbol and a sign:
Change, revolution, age, decay, absorb
All other essences, but harm not thine;

In thy most awful face reflected shine
Thy Maker's attributes, celestial child!
When shapelessness ruled chaos, the Divine
Looked on the void, tumultuous mass, and smiled—
Then startedst thou to birth, and trod'st the pathless wild.

Girt like a giant for the speed, the flight,
The toil of unsummed ages; in thy zone,
Charmed into motion by thy sacred light,
The glad earth danced around thee with the tone
Of music—for then Eden was her own,
And all things breathed of beauty,—chiefly man
Drank of an angel's joy; where are ye flown,
Too fleeting suns? a mortal's thought may span
Your course—for ye returned to whence your race began.

And we became all shadow—in the abyss,
The spirit's desolation, here we stand,
Wrestling in darkness for a heavenly bliss,
And an immortal's essence: brightly grand,
How climbest thou the skies? now lend'st a hand
To help us to thy altitude! away
Earth-born repinings—ye may not command
A sparkle of that intellectual ray,
Which yet from heaven descends, and communes with our clay.

WIFFEN.

THE SUN.

IV.

Most glorious art thou! when from thy pavilion
Thou lookest forth at morning; flinging wide
Its curtain clouds of purple and vermilion,
Dispensing life and light on every side;
Brightening the mountain cataract, dimly spied
Through glittering mist, opening each dew-gemmed flower,
Or touching, in some hamlet, far descried,
Its spiral wreaths of smoke that upward tower,
While birds their matin sing from many a leafy bower.

And more magnificent art thou, bright Sun!
Uprising from the ocean's billowy bed:
Who, that has seen thee thus, as I have done,
Can e'er forget the effulgent splendours spread
From thy emerging radiance? Upwards sped
E'en to the centre of the vaulted sky,
Thy beams pervade the heavens, and o'er them shed
Hues indescribable—of gorgeous dye,
Making among the clouds mute glorious pageantry.

Then, then how beautiful, across the deep
The lustre of thy orient path of light!
Onward, still onward, o'er the waves that leap
So lovelily, and show their crests of white,
The eye, unsated in its own despite,
Still up that vista gazes; till thy way
Over the waters seems a pathway bright
For holiest thoughts to travel, there to pay
Man's homage unto him who bade thee "Rule the Day."

And thou thyself, forgetting what thou art,
Appear'st thy Maker's temple, in whose dome,
The silent worship of the expanding heart
May rise, and seek its own eternal home:
The intervening billows' snowy foam,
Rising successively, seem steps of light,
Such as on Bethel's plain the angels clomb;
When, to the slumbering patriarch's ravished sight,
Heaven's glories were revealed in visions of the night.

Nor are thy evening splendours, mighty Orb!
Less beautiful: and oh! more touching far,
And of more power, thought, feeling to absorb
In silent ecstasy, to me they are:
When watchful of thy exit, one pale star
Shines on the brow of summer's loveliest eve;
And breezes softer than the soft guitar,
Whose plaintive notes Castilian maids deceive,
Among the foliage sigh, and take of thee their leave.

O then it is delightful to behold
Thy calm departure; soothing to survey
Through opening clouds, by thee all edged with gold,
The milder pomp of thy declining sway:
How beautiful, on church tower old and grey,
Is shed thy parting smile; how brightly glow
Thy last beams on some tall tree's loftiest spray,
While silvery mists half veil the trunk below,
And hide the rippling stream that scarce is heard to flow.

Majestic Orb! when at the tranquil close
Of a long day in irksome durance spent,
I've wandered forth, and seen thy disk repose
Upon the vast horizon, while it lent
Its glory to the kindling firmament,
While clouds on clouds, in rich confusion rolled,
Encompassed thee as with a gorgeous tent,
Whose most magnificent curtains would unfold,
And form a vista bright, through which I might behold

Celestial visions—then the wondrous story
Of Bunyan's Pilgrims seemed a tale most true;
How he beheld their entrance into glory,
And saw them pass the pearly portal through;
Catching, meanwhile, a beatific view
Of that bright city, shining like the sun,
Whose glittering streets appeared of golden hue,
Where spirits of the just, their conflicts done,
Walked in white robes, with palms and crownëd every one.

Past is that vision:—views of heavenly things
Rest not in glories palpable to sense;
To something dearer hope exulting springs,
With joy chastised by humble diffidence;
Not robes nor palms, give rapture so intense
As thought of meeting, never more to part,
Those we have loved on earth; the influence
Of whose affection o'er the subject heart,
Was by mild virtue gained, and swayed with gentle art.

BARTON.

SUNRISE.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew—bright earth, and coloured air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar.

SUNRISE ON MONT BLANC.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.—
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy-star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillows deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?—
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!*
Who called ye forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jaggëd rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,

* Besides the rivers of Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides: and within a few paces of the glaciers the GENTIANA MAJOR grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded, (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?—
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!—
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!—
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild-goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!—
Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet, the avalanche unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast.—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me.—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

COLERIDGE.

SUNSET.

I.

THE zenith spreads
Its canopy of sapphire, but the west
Has a magnificent array of clouds ;
And, as the breeze plays on them, they assume
The forms of mountains, castled cliffs, and hills,
Deep-rifted glens, and groves, and beetling rocks ;
And some that seem far off, are voyaging
Their sun-bright path in folds of silver ;—some
In golden masses float, and others have
Edgings of burning crimson.—Isles are seen,
All lovely, set within an emerald sea ;
And there are dyes in the rich heavens,—such
As sparkle in the grand and gorgeous plume
Of Juno's favourite bird, or deck the scaled
And wreathing serpent.—Never, from the birth
Of time, were scattered o'er the glowing sky
More splendid colourings. Every varying hue
Of every beautiful thing on earth,—the tints
Of heaven's own Iris,—all are in the west,
On this delicious eve.—The eye discerns
The mountain-ridges sweep away in vast
And regular succession ;—wave on wave
Rolling and glittering in the sun,—until
They reach the utmost west. The lark is up
Exulting in the bright blue heaven ;—the streams
Leap wantonly adown the laughing slopes ;
And on the ear the poetry of bells,
Far borne by Auster's welcome gale, is heard ;
All else is mute,—silently happy,—earth
Reposes in the Sunset.—Let me gaze
At the great vision ere it pass ; for now
The day-god hovers o'er the western hill,
And sheds his last fond ray. Farewell ! farewell !
Who givest beauty to the cloud, and light—
Joy, music, to the earth ! And must yon tints
And shapes divine which thou hast formed, decay :—
The mountain, and the temple, and the tower,
That float in yonder fields of air ;—the isles
Of all surpassing loveliness ; and seas

Of glorious emerald, that seem to flow
Around the gold-fringed rocks and reefs ; must all
Vanish, with thee, at the remorseless touch
Of the swift-coming twilight !—They will fade,—
Those hues and forms enchanting. See behind
The billowy horizon once more sinks
The traveller of six thousand years. With him
Depart the glories of the west. The tints
Elysian change—the fiercely brilliant streaks
Of crimson disappear ; but o'er the hills
A flush of orange hovers, softening up
Into harmonious union with the blue
That comes a sweeping down ; for twilight hastes
To dash all other colours from the sky
But this her favourite azure. Even now
The east displays its palely-beaming stars :
There is no end to all thy prodigies,
O nature !

CARRINGTON.

SUNSET.

II.

How beautiful the setting sun
Reposes o'er the wave !
Like virtue, life's drear warfare done,
Descending to the grave ;
Yet smiling with a brow of love,
Benignant, pure, and kind,
And blessing, ere she soars above,
The realms she leaves behind.

The cloudlets, edged with crimson light,
Veil o'er the blue serene,
While swift the legions of the night,
Are shadowing o'er the scene ;
The sea-gull, with a wailing moan,
Up starting, turns to seek
Its lonely dwelling-place upon
The promontory's peak.

The heaving sea,—the distant hill,—
The waning sky,—the woods,—
With melancholy musing fill
The swelling heart that broods
Upon the light of other days,
Whose glories now are dull,
And on the visions hope could raise,
Vacant, but beautiful.

Where are the bright illusions vain,
That fancy boded forth!
Sunk to their silent caves again,
Auroræ of the north!
Oh! who would live those visions o'er,
All brilliant though they seem,
Since earth is but a desert shore,
And life a weary dream!

SUNSET AT ATHENS.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting Sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven,
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.
On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When Athens! here thy wisest looked his last.

How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed the murdered sage's latest day!
Not yet—not yet Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes—
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to pour—
The land where Phœbus never frowned before.
But ere he sunk below Cithœron's head
The cup of woe was quaffed—the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorned to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die.
But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The Queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright, around with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide
Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk,
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that passed them heedless by.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death, with deep reflection;
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection.

COWPER.

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarchs' hall;
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all—
A bearer of hope unto land and sea;
Sunbeam! what gift has the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles—
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles!
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay,
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou brokëst forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of *thee* on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not, from thy pomp, to shed
A tender light on the ruin's head.

Thou takest through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of burning gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave:
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of Summer! oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee, to mortals given,
The Faith, touching all things with hues of heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

MORNING.

I.

✓ NIGHT wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exulting inly, "They are thine!"
Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see;
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

BYRON.

MORNING.

II.

BEHOLD glad nature's triumph! Lo, the sun
Hath burst the pall of night, and o'er the earth
Reviving radiance scattered! Sleep hath done
Her death-resembling reign, and thoughts have birth
That thrill the grateful heart with sacred mirth!
Like glittering flowers that deck the dewy ground,
How Fancy's bright-hued images abound,
And mortals own the glory and the worth
Of that proud boon—existence. All around,
Unnumbered charms arise in every sight and sound.

The scene is steeped in beauty; and my soul,
No longer lingering in the gloom of care,
Doth greet creation's smile. The grey clouds roll,
Even from the mountain peaks, and melt in air!
The landscape looks an Eden! Who could wear

The frown of sorrow now? This glorious hour
Reveals the ruling God! The heavens are bare!
Each sunny stream and blossom-mantled bower
Breathes of pervading love, and shows the power
That spoke him into life hath blessed man's earthly dower.

RICHARDSON.

MORNING.

III.

It was a lovely morning;—all was calm,
As if creation, thankful for repose,
In renovated beauty, breathing balm
And blessëdness around, from slumber rose;
Joyful once more to see the east unclose
Its gates of glory:—yet subdued and mild,
Like the soft smile of Patience, amid woes
By Hope and Resignation reconciled,
That Morning's beauty shone, that landscape's charm beguiled.

The heavens were marked by many a filmy streak,
Even in the orient; and the sun shone through
Those lines, as Hope upon a mourner's cheek
Sheds, meekly chastened, her delightful hue.
From groves and meadows, all empearled with dew,
Rose silvery mists,—no eddying wind swept by,—
The cottage chimneys, half concealed from view
By their embowering foliage, sent on high
Their pallid wreaths of smoke, unruffled to the sky.

And every gentle sound which broke the hush
Of Morning's still serenity, was sweet;
The skylark overhead; the speckled thrush,
Who now had taken with delight his seat
Upon the slender larch, the day to greet;
The starling, chattering to her callow young;
And that monotonous lay, which seems to fleet
Like echo through the air, the cuckoo's song,
Was heard at times far off the leafy woods among.

MORNING.

IV.

The eyelids of the Morning are awake;
The dews are disappearing from the grass;
The sun is o'er the mountains; and the trees,
Moveless, are stretching through the blue of heaven,
Exuberantly green. All noiseless,
The shadows of the twilight fleet away,
And draw their misty legion to the west,
Seen for awhile, 'mid the salubrious air,
Suspended in the silent atmosphere,
As in Medina's mosque Mahomet's tomb.
Up from the coppice, on exulting wing,
Mounts, mounts the skylark through the clouds of dawn,—
The clouds, whose snow-white canopy is spread
Athwart, yet hiding not, at intervals,
The azure beauty of the summer sky;
And, at far distance heard, a bodiless note
Pours down, as if from cherub strayed from heaven!—
Maternal nature! all thy sights and sounds
Now breathe repose, and peace, and harmony.
The lake's unruffled bosom, cold and clear,
Expands beneath me, like a silver veil
Thrown o'er the level of subjacent fields,
Revealing, on its conscious countenance,
The shadows of the clouds that float above:—
Upon its central stone the heron sits
Stirless,—as in the wave its counterpart,—
Looking, with quiet eye, towards the shore
Of dark green copse-wood, dark, save, here and there,
Where spangled with the broom's bright aureate flowers.
And now the wood engirds me, the tall stems
Of birch and beech tree hemming me around,
Like pillars of some natural temple vast;
And here and there, some giant pines ascend,
Briareus-like, amid the stirless air,
High stretching; like a good man's virtuous thoughts
Forsaking earth for heaven. The cushat stands
Amid the topmost boughs, with azure vest,
And neck aslant, listening the amorous coo
Of her his mate, who, with maternal wing,

Wide-spread, sits brooding on opponent tree.
Why, from the rank grass underneath my feet,
Aside on ruffled pinion dost thou start,
Sweet minstrel of the Morn? Behold her nest,
Thatched o'er with cunning skill, and there, her young
With sparkling eye, and thin-fledged russet wing;
Younglings of air! probationers of song!
From lurking dangers may ye rest secure,
Secure from prowling weazel, or the tread
Of steed incautious, wandering 'mid the flowers!
Secure beneath the fostering care of her
Who warmed you into life, and gave you birth;
Till, plumed and strong unto the buoyant air,
Ye spread your equal wings, and to the Morn,
Lifting your freckled bosoms, dew-besprent,
Salute, with spirit-stirring song, the man
Wayfaring lonely. Hark! the striderous neigh!
There, o'er his dogrose fence, the chesnut foal,
Shaking his silver forelock, proudly stands,—
To snuff the balmy fragrance of the Morn:—
Up comes his ebon compeer, and, anon,
Around the field in mimic chase they fly,
Startling the echoes of the woodland gloom.—
Farewell, ye placid scenes! amid the land
Ye smile, an inland solitude: the voice
Of peace-destroying man is seldom heard
Amid your landscapes. Beautiful ye raise
Your green-embowering groves, and smoothly spread
Your waters, glistening in a silver sheet.
The Morning is a season of delight—
The Morning is the self-possessioned hour—
'Tis then that feelings, sunk, but unsubdued,
Feelings of purer thoughts, and happier days,
Awake, and, like the sceptred images
Of Banquo's mirror, in succession pass.

MELODIES OF MORNING.

But who the Melodies of Morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;

The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell:
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley, echoing far and wide;
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;
The whistling plowman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

BEATTIE.

EVENING.

I.

O, WELCOME, bat and owlet grey,
Thus winging low your airy way;
And welcome, moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by;
And welcome, shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the blue sky peep;
O, welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland love is on her way;
Upon the swift wind floats her hair,
Her breath is in the dewy air,
Her steps are in the whispered sound
That steals along the stilly ground.
O, dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour!
O, noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to this fall of night!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

EVENING.

II.

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine,
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.

COWPER.

EVENING.

III.

All round was still and calm; the noon of night
Was fast approaching: up the unclouded sky
The glorious moon pursued her path of light,
And shed her silvery splendour far and nigh:
No sound save of the night-wind's gentlest sigh
Could reach the ear; and that so softly blew,
It scarcely stirred, in sweeping lightly by,
The acacia's airy foliage; faintly too
It kissed the jasmine's stars which just below me grew.

Before me, scattered here and there, some trees
Whose massy outline of reposing shade,
Ran broken by that faint and fitful breeze,
With the clear sky a lovely contrast made:
'Twas Nature in her chastest charms arrayed!
How could I then abruptly leave such scene?
I could not; for the beauties it displayed
To me were dearer than the dazzling sheen
Of Noon's refulgent hour, or Morning's sparkling mien.

BARTON.

EVENING.

IV.

THE hours have danced their joyous round
  Adorned in flowers of May;
Till each in turn, with mercy crowned,
  Has come and passed away.

The constant sun has run his race
  Athwart the boundless deep;
And ne'er amid that trackless space
  Has failed his path to keep.

The earth has drunk the morning dew,
  And fed her flowery train;
The flowers have spread her charms to view,
  And decked the earth again.

Now Evening's lengthened shadows spread
  To curtain them around,
And each reclines her modest head,
  In gentle slumbers bound.

Beasts, strong to labour, o'er the lea
  Have drawn the cumbrous plough;
And feed in pastures glad and free,
  Their toil accomplished now.

Laborious man fulfils his task,
  And seeks repose; but I—
Is mine accomplished?—let me ask—
  And conscience shall reply.

Birds, beasts, and trees, unmoved by choice,
  Have each improved the day,
Obedient still to nature's voice:—
  But whose did I obey?

Were Christ's commands before my sight
  In all I thought and spoke?
And have I borne his burden light,
  And worn his easy yoke?

Has pride or wrath disturbed my breast,
Or wishes wild and vain?
Has sinful sloth my powers possessed
And bound them in its chain?

Has not my resolution failed?
Lord, search, for thou didst see;
And has not base self-love prevailed
Instead of love to thee?

Did I this day, for small or great,
My own pursuits forego,
To lighten by a feather's weight
The mass of human wo?

'Mid cares and hopes and pleasures mean,
With eager fondness sought,
Oh, has one glance at things unseen
Sublimed my earthly thought?

Has grace, descending from above,
This evil heart possessed?
In meekness, patience, truth, and love,
To all around expressed?

Great is the peace such grace bestows
'Mid storms of earthly strife;
And calm and sweet is their repose
Who live this hidden life.

If thus my cheerful hours have sped,
How blest the day's decline!
'Tis past!—but though for ever fled,
To-morrow still is mine.

MISS TAYLOR.

SUMMER EVENING.

Ah! there is—there is a balm
In this hour of Eve so calm!
On its downy wings it bears
Sweet oblivion of the cares,

Toils, and fears, and woes of life,
In its little span so rife!
If a foretaste e'er be given
Of the treasured bliss of heaven;
If sainted spirit e'er be sent
Earthward, on Mercy's errand lent,
Prompting good, averting ill,
Faithful—though unheeded still;
If a chosen time there be
For the unfettered soul to flee
From its prison-house of clay,
While beckoning seraph points the way;
Heaven-caught feeling whispers reason—
This—this must be the hallowed season!

JOHN RAMSAY.

DAY: A PASTORAL.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nursed by night, retire;
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge,
See the chattering swallow spring!
Darting through the one-arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:

Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets uncloyed,
(Restless till her task be done,)
Now the busy bee's employed,
Sipping dew before the sun.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossomed spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

Fervid on the glittering flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows;
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop decks the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Sheltered by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where unchecked the sunbeams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivied abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round
Over river, rock, and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

Not a leaf has leave to stir ;—
  Nature's lulled, serene and still ;
Quiet even the shepherd's cur,
  Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
  Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
  Raises every fainting flower.

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
  Free (the furrowed task is done ;)
Now the village windows blaze,
  Burnished by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
  Sinking from a golden sky :
Can the pencil's mimic skill
  Copy the refulgent dye ?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
  (To the smoking hamlet bound,)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
  Lengthened o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
  Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
  See the rooks returning home !

As the lark, with varied tune.
  Carols to the Evening loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon
  Breaking through a parted cloud !

Now the hermit owlet peeps
  From the barn, or twisted brake ;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
  Curling on the silver lake.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexioned lass,
With her well-poised milking-pail!

Linnets with unnumbered notes,
And the cuckoo-bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

EVENING IN AUTUMN.

I.

It was an Eve of Autumn's holiest mood;
The corn fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly; nature seemed,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker: now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly thought,
Conversing with itself.

POLLOK.

EVENING IN AUTUMN.

II.

Tranquil and clear the Autumnal day declined:
The barks at anchor cast their lengthened shades
On the grey bastioned walls; airs from the deep
Wandered, and touched the cordage as they passed,
Then hovered with expiring breath, and stirred
Scarce the quiescent pennant; the bright sea
Lay silent in its glorious amplitude,
Without; far up in the pale atmosphere,
A white cloud, here and there, hung overhead,

And some red freckles streaked the horizon's edge,
Far as the sight could reach : beneath the rocks,
That reared their dark brows beetling o'er the bay,
The gulls and guilemots, with short, quaint cry,
Just broke the sleeping stillness of the air,
Or skimming, almost touched the level main,
With wings far seen, and more intensely white,
Opposed to the blue space! whilst Panope
Rolled in the offing. Humber's ocean-stream,
Inland, went sounding on, by rocks, and sands,
And castle, yet so sounding as it seemed
A voice amidst the hushed and listening world
That spoke of peace; whilst from the bastion's point
One piping red-breast might almost be heard.
Such quiet all things hushed, so peaceable
The hour : the very swallows, ere they left
The coast to pass a long and weary way
O'er ocean's solitude, seemed to renew
Once more their summer feelings, as a light
So sweet would last for ever, whilst they flocked
In the brief sunshine of the turret-top.

BOWLES.

AN EVENING SERVICE.

The cold wind strips the yellow leaf,
The stars are twinkling faintly o'er us!
All nature wears her garb of grief,
While day's fair book is closed before us.

The songs have ceased,—and busy men
Are to their beds of silence creeping;
The pale, cold moon looks out again
On the tired world so softly sleeping.

O! in an hour so still as this,
From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,
I'll consecrate an hour to bliss—
To meek devotion's holy feeling;

And rise to thee— to thee, whose hand
Unrolled the golden map of heaven ;
Mantled with beauty all the land ;
Gave light to morn, and shade to even.

Being, whose all-pervading might
The laws of countless worlds disposes ;
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light—
Their beauty to the blushing roses :

Thou, Ruler of our destiny !
With million gifts hast thou supplied us,
Hidden from our view futurity,
Unveiling all the past to guide us.

Though dark may be earth's vale and damp,
A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,
And immortality's pure lamp
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.

And in the silence of the scene
Sweet tones from heaven are softly speaking,
Celestial music breathes between,
The slumbering soul of bliss awaking.

Short is the darkest night, whose shade
Wraps nature's breast in clouds of sadness ;
And joy's sweet flowers, that seem to fade,
Shall bloom anew in kindling gladness.

Death's darkness is more bright to him
Who looks beyond in visions holy,
Than passion's fire, or splendour's dream,
Or all the glare of sin and folly.

The silent tear, the deep-fetched sigh,
Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,
Are dearer than pomp's revelry,
Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot ;

Smiles from a conscience purified,
Far lovelier than the fleeting glory

Conferred in all a monarch's pride,
Embalmed in all the light of story.

This joy be ours—our weeks shall roll—
And let them roll—our bark is driven
Safe to its harbour—and our soul
Awaking, shall awake in heaven.

EVENING IN JUDEA.

"To shew forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night."—Psalm xcii. 2.

The sun is set—and yet his light
  Is lingering in the crimson sky,
Like memory, beautiful and bright,
  Of holy men that die.

O'er Tabor's hill, o'er Baca's dale,
  The shades of Evening softly creep—
Softly as mother draws the veil
  To wrap her infant's sleep.

The dew falls gently on the flower,
  Their freshening influence to impart—
As pity's tears of soothing power
  Revive the drooping heart.

The twilight star from Hermon's peak
  Comes mildly o'er the glistening earth;
And weary hirelings joy to seek
  Their dear domestic hearth.

Who sends the sun to ocean's bed?
  Who brings the nightshade from the west?
Who bids the balmy dews be shed?
  Who gives the weary rest?

Even He who, at the season due,
  Sends forth the sun's returning light,
Whose mercies every morn are new,
  Whose faithfulness each night.

AN EVENING IN BENGAL.

Our task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furlëd sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
Come walk with me the jungle through;
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dark and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun,)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venomed snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the sun! he loves to lie
'Mid nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb, his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of death!
Come on! yet pause! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's archëd bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom.*
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.

* A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium.

With pendent train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod;
Yet who in Indian bower has stood,
But thought on England's "good green wood?"
And, blessed beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breathed a prayer, (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?
A truce to thought! the jackall's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum,
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell!
It is—it must be—Philomel!
Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;

And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh! with thankful hearts confess
Even here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous sire has given
His peace on earth—his hope of heaven!

MORNING AND EVENING.

How beautiful is Morn!
When day-light, newly born,
From the bright portals of the east is breaking,
While songs of joy resound,
From countless warblers round,
To light and life from silent slumber waking.

The parting clouds unfold
Their edges tinged with gold;
Bright is the summit of the lofty mountain;
The glistening tops of trees,
Touched by the rustling breeze,
Are bright and tuneful as the muse's fountain.

As upward mounts the sun,
The valleys, one by one,
Ope their recesses to the living splendour;
The mighty ocean's breast
Heaves upward to be blest,
And bids its waves reflected light surrender.

Each humble flower lifts up
Its dewy bell or cup,
Smiling through tears that know no tinge of sadness;
The insect tribes come out,
And, fluttering all about,
Fill the fresh air with gentle sounds of gladness.

Oh! who can witness this,
Nor feel the throb of bliss
With which creation's every pulse seems beating!

Or who, 'mid such a store
Of rapture flowing o'er,
The tribute of the heart forbear repeating!

Yet have I known an hour
Of more subduing power
Than this of beauty glowing—music gushing
An hour whose quiet calm
Diffused a holier balm,
Whose watch-word, " peace, be still!" the inmost heart was hushing.

It is the close of day,
When Evening's hues array
The western sky in all their radiant lustre ;
When round the setting sun,
His goal of glory won,
Resplendent clouds in silent beauty muster.

'Tis when day's parting light,
Dazzling no more the sight,
Its chastening glory to the eye is granting,
That " thoughts too deep for tears,"
Unearthly hopes and fears,
And voiceless feelings in the heart are panting.

While thus the western sky
Delights the gazing eye,
With thrilling beauty, touching, and endearing ;—
What still of earth is fair
Borrows its beauty there,
Though every borrowed charm is disappearing.

Ere yet those charms grow dim,
Creation's vesper hymn,
Grateful and lovely, is from earth ascending ;
Till, with that song of praise,
The hearts of those who gaze
With solemn feelings of delight are blending.

Then from those portals bright
A farewell gleam of light
Breaks with unearthly glory on the vision ;

And, through the folding doors,
The eye of thought explores
Seraphic forms and phantasies Elysian.

These pass like thought away!
Yet may their hallowed sway
Rest on the heart,—as dew-drops round adorning
The drooping silent flowers,—
Feed them through night's dark hours,
And keep them fresh and living till the morning.

Thus should the sunset hour,
With soul-absorbing power,
Nurse by its glories the immortal spirit;
And plume its wings for flight
To realms of cloudless light,
Regions its God hath formed it to inherit.

Fair, bright, and sweet is Morn!
When day-light, newly born,
In all its beauty is to sense appealing;
Yet Eve to me is fraught
With more unearthly thought,
And purer touches of immortal feeling!

BARTON.

TWILIGHT.

I.

It is the hour when from the boughs,
The nightingale's high note is heard:
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As Twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON.

TWILIGHT.

II.

I LOVE thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought, thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And Hope and Memory sweep the chord by turns.
Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase,
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace;
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast:
Deeper, O Twilight! then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.

MONTGOMERY.

A TWILIGHT SCENE IN ITALY.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity,
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature proclaimed her order;—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil

The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour, as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is grey.

BYRON.

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

I COME to thee, O Earth!
With all my gifts:—for every flower sweet dew,
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills or forest leaves,
But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star,
Making thy streams, that on their noon-day track
Gave but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace; I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks o'er the honey-bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe, and, sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!
Who calls me silent? I have many tones—
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
Till the bright day is done.

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong in their sweetness from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crushed affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tone heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb:
O er the sad couch of late repentant love,
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove,
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train:
Who calls me lonely?—hosts around me tread,
The intensely bright, the beautiful, the dread—
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes,
These are my lightnings!—filled with anguish vain
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
I am the avenging one!—the armed, the strong,
The searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest-birth
Of memory, thought, remorse:—be holy, earth!—
I am the solemn Night!

MRS. HEMANS.

NIGHT.

I.

Hail, Night! pavilioned 'neath the rayless cope;
I love thy solemn state profoundly dark;
Thy sable pall; thy lurid throne of clouds,
Viewless, save by the lightning's flash; thy crown,
That boasts no starry gem; thy various voice,
That to the heart, with eloquence divine,
Now in soft whispers, now in thunder speaks.
Nor undelightful is thy reign to him
Who wakeful gilds, with reveries bright, thy gloom,
Or listens to the music of the storm,
And meditates on Him who sways its course.

GRAHAME.

NIGHT.

II.

Night is the time to rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose:
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
  To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
  Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
  To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
  The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;
  On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
  The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
  Brooding on hours mis-spent,
To see the spectre of despair
  Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus 'midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
  Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
  Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
  The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray:
  Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
  So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of heaven's bliss and give the sign
To parting friends.—Such death be mine!

MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT.

III.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustomed couch must creep
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep;
And man, o'erlaboured with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:
There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,
Hate's working brain, and lulled ambition's wile;
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
And quenched existence crouches in a grave.
What better name may slumber's bed become?
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline:
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

BYRON.

NIGHT.

IV.

Soul-soothing season! period of repose,
Or introverted thought, which day debars;
Can language paint, can poetry disclose,
The magic of thy silence, dews, and stars?
When the loud mirth of day no longer mars

Our better feelings with its empty sound;
When we forget awhile the cruel jars
Our souls in worldly intercourse have found,
How welcome are thy shades, with peaceful quiet crowned!

They gather round us, from their silent wings
Scattering kind blessings; to the wretched, dear.
Prosperity to gaudy daylight clings,
But thou art sorrow's chosen, meek compeer
Thou hidest her from the cold and heartless sneer
Of wealth's sleek minions, pride's contemptuous crew;
Hushest her sigh, conceal'st her bitter tear,
And, in thy healing influence, dost renew
Her fortitude to bear,—her courage to subdue.

And if thou didst not this, there is in thee
Yet ample scope for poetry's fair themes:
For thou, O Night! art guardian of the key
That opes the portal of the land of dreams.
Touched by thy spell our roving fancy teems
With things to which day has no parallel:
Beings too beauteous far to brave its beams,
Much too ethereal upon earth to dwell;
And glories, dreams alone render accessible.

Waving, however, these thy wilder flights,
As joys ideal, unsubstantial, vain;
And passing o'er thy soothing calm delights
Administered to sorrow's pallid train;—
Enough is left to bid us bless thy reign;
For thy revolving periods health renew
Unto our wearied nature; flush again
Beauty's wan cheek, curtain her eye of blue
Or with fresh splendours fill its orb of darker hue.

One topic more, still Night! will yet intrude
Upon my serious thought while hymning thee:—
Thou art the emblem, type, similitude,
Of silence yet more awful; although we
Are loath the approach of death's dark night to see!

Father of mercies! thou whose goodness gave
Thy Son beloved, man's sacrifice to be,
Grant that in life's last hour my soul may crave,
Nor crave in vain, his love to light me through the grave.

BARTON.

THE AURORA BOREALIS, AND NIGHT.

'Mid the dark steeps repose the shadowy streams,
As touched with dawning moon-light's hoary gleams,
Long streaks of fairy light the wave illume,
With bordering lines of intervening gloom,
Soft o'er the surface creep the lustres pale,
Tracking, with silvering path, the changeful gale.—
'Tis restless magic all; at once the bright
Breaks on the shade, the shade upon the light.
Fair spirits are abroad; in sportive chase,
Brushing with lucid wands the water's face;
While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,
Charms the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.—
As through the astonished woods the notes ascend,
The mountain streams their rising song suspend:
Below eve's listening star the sheep-walk stills
Its drowsy tinklings on the attentive hills;
The milkmaid stops her ballad, and her pail
Stays its low murmur in the unbreathing vale;
No night-duck clamours for his wildered mate,
Awed, while below the Genii hold their state.—
The pomp is fled, and mute the wondrous strains,
No wreck of all the pageant scene remains:
So vanish those fair shadows, human joys,
But death alone their vain regret destroys.
Unheeded Night has overcome the vales,
On the dark earth the baffled vision fails;
If peep between the clouds a star on high,
There turns for glad repose the weary eye;
The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The long black fir, forsakes the faded plain;
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,
Lost in the deepened darkness, glimmers hoar;
High towering from the sullen, dark-brown mere,
Like a black wall, the mountain steeps appear,

Thence red, from different heights, with restless gleam,
Small cottage lights across the water stream,
Nought else of man or life remains behind
To call from other worlds the wildered mind,
Till pours the wakeful bird her solemn strains,
Heard by the night-calm of the watery plains.—
No purple prospects now the mind employ,
Glowing in golden sunset tints of joy;
But o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
And ever as we fondly muse, we find
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.

WORDSWORTH.

MOONRISE.

I.

Soon will the Moon and all her stars be here!
A smiling light proclaims her o'er yon hill!
Slowly she raises up her radiant sphere,
And stillness, at her smile, becomes more still.
My heart forgets all thought of human ill,
And man seems happy as his place of birth:
All things that yield him joy my spirit fill
With kindred joy! and even his humblest mirth
Seems at this peaceful hour to beautify the earth.

MOONRISE.

II.

How like a queen comes forth the lovely Moon
From the slow-opening curtains of the clouds,
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!
The stars are veiled in light; the ocean-floods,
And the ten thousand streams—the boundless woods—
The trackless wilderness—the mountain's brow,
Where Winter on eternal pinions broods—
All height, depth, wildness, grandeur, gloom, below,
Touched by thy smile, lone Moon! in one wild splendour glow.

CROLY.

MOONRISE

III.

THE Moon is up! how calm and slow
  She wheels above the hill!
The weary winds forget to blow,
  And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers, with delight,
  The rising brightness see,
Revealing all the paths and plains
  And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
  Its little ripple leaves;
It falls upon the forest shade,
  And sparkles on the leaves.

So once, on Judah's evening hills,
  The heavenly lustre spread;
The gospel sounded from the blaze,
  And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
  Its guiding splendour throws:
Bright in the opening hours of life,
  But brighter at the close.

The waning Moon, in time, shall fail
  To walk the midnight skies;
But God hath kindled *this* bright light
  With fire that never dies.

PEABODY. (*American.*)

A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

I.

How beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
  Breaks the serene of heaven:

In full-orbed glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is Night!

SOUTHEY.

A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

II.

How beautiful on yonder casement-panes
The mild Moon gazes,—mark!
With what a lonely and majestic step
She treads the heavenly hills!
And oh! how soft, how silently she pours
Her chastened radiance on the scene below;
And hill, and dale, and tower
Drink the pure flood of light!
Roll on—roll thus, queen of the midnight hour,
For ever beautiful!

NEELE.

A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

III.

'Tis midnight; on the mountains brown,
The cold round Moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?

BYRON.

A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

IV.

Low on the utmost boundary of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light:
Thence Fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)
Others, detached in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair,
Scattered immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These, to the raptured mind, aloud proclaim
Their Mighty Shepherd's everlasting name.

BLOOMFIELD.

A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

V.

How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky
The midnight Moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly scattered leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope:
Here o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage grey
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh! how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which, in that brightest Moon-light well-nigh quenched,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth

Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on, with elevating influence,
Toward eternity the attempered mind.

SOUT

A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

VI.

THE winds of heaven are hushed, and mild,
Even as the breath of slumbering child!
The western breeze's balmy sigh
Breaks not the mist-wreaths as they lie,
Veiling the tall cliff's rugged brow,
Nor dimples the green wave below.
Such stillness round—such silence deep—
That Nature seems herself to sleep!
The full Moon, mounted in the sky,
Looks from her cloudless place on high,
And trembling stars, like fairy gleams,
Twinkle their many-coloured beams,
Spangling the world of waters o'er
With mimic gems from shore to shore,
Till ocean, burning on the view,
Glows like another heaven of blue,
And its broad bosom, as a mirror bright,
Reflects their lucid path, and all the fields of light.

MISS CAMPBELL.

A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT AT SEA.

I.

IT is the midnight hour:—the beauteous sea
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the ocean's heart were stirred
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.

The sea, I ween, cannot be fanned
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land is far away;
But God hath willed that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light,
That makes her wakeful eye more bright:
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the light looks like a mellowed day!
The gracious mistress of the main
Hath now an undisturbëd reign!
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!

WILSON

A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT AT SEA.

II.

The Moon is watching in the sky; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;
Ocean, outstretched with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;
The tide, o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above, and ship below appear;
A double image pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west,
The pageant glides through loveliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

MONTGOMERY.

A MOON-LIGHT SCENE IN ITALY.

The stars are forth, the Moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's walk,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiators' bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling Moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere, anew, the gap of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule

Our spirits from their urns.—'Twas such a Night!
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
Even at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

BYRON

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of Night!

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen.

MOORE.

THE SONG OF THE STARS.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came,
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rang,
And this was the song the bright ones sang:—

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie;
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

" For the source of glory uncovers His face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air, and our blooming sides;
Lo, yonder the living splendours play!
Away, on our joyous path, away!

" Look, look through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

" And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews,
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

" Away! away!—In our blossoming towers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light."

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres!
To weave the dance that measures the years,
Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim.

UNITED STATES LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE STARS.

I.

Ye Stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate

Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a Star.

BYRON.

THE STARS.

II.

Ye brightly beaming Stars!
Have ye no music as ye roll along?
Or is it that to us earth's discord mars
Your heavenly song?

The music of the spheres!
Was it a fiction of the olden time?
Or are there not who hear with wakeful cars
That strain sublime?

Let thought still hear you raise
The joyful anthem which ye sang of yore;
And as the sons of God then joined your praise,
Let man adore!

BARTON.

THE STARS.

III.

Oh! 'tis lovely to watch ye at twilight rise,
When the last gleam fades in the distant skies,
When the silver chime of the minster-bell,
And the warbling fount in the woodland-dell,
And the viewless sounds in the upper air,
Proclaim the hour of prayer!

Then ye shine in beauty above the sea,
Bright wanderers over the blue sky free!

Catching the tone of each sighing breeze,
And the whispering sound of the forest-trees,
Or the far-off voice, through the quiet dim,
Of some hamlet's hymn!

And the midnight too, all still and lone!
Ye guard in beauty, from many a throne!
In your silver silence throughout the hour,
Watching the rest of each folded flower,
Gladdening with visions each infant's sleep,
Through the night-hour deep!

Yes, ye look over nature's hushed repose,
By the forest still where the streamlet flows,
By the breezeless hush of many a plain,
And the pearly flow of the silver main,
Or sweetly far o'er some chapel-shrine
Of the olden time!

Thus in shadeless glory ye onwards roll,
Bright realms of beauty from pole to pole!
'Midst the vaulted space where your bright paths lie,
In the hidden depths of the midnight sky,
To some far-off land,—to some distant home,
'Neath the ocean's foam!

But, hark! the far voice of the waking sea,
And the dim dew rising o'er lawn and lea,
And the first faint tinge of the early day,
Shining afar o'er the ocean-spray!
Oh, ye that have been as a power and a spell,
Through the dim midnight! Farewell.

THE STARS.

IV.

The Stars! the Stars! go forth by night,
Lift up thine eyes on high,
And view the countless orbs of light
Which gem the vaulted sky:

Go forth in silence and alone,
  This glorious sight to scan;
And bid thy humbled spirit own
  The littleness of man.

The Stars! the Stars! thou canst not dream
  For thee alone they shine;
That thus the heavens with splendour gleam,
  To glad those eyes of thine.
Each orb that decks yon vaulted dome,
  For aught thy pride can tell,
May be the brighter, happier home
  Where deathless spirits dwell.

The Stars! the Stars! oh well may pride
  Confess the truths they preach·
Yet to devotion, eagle-eyed,
  Exalted thoughts they teach;
They tell not only of the might
  Of him enthroned above,
But trace, in characters of light,
  His mercy and his love.

The Stars! the Stars! recall that one
  Which shone o'er Bethlehem's plains,
When God sent down his glorious Son,
  To break our galling chains:
To shed his blood; upon the tree
  Our chastisement to bear;
Oh! think of him who died for thee,
  With gratitude and prayer.

The Stars! the Stars! the silent Stars
  Unto the wordling's ear;
But he whose sense no passion mars,
  Their voice divine can hear;
To him they sing those heavenly songs
  Which seraph harps employ,
And he in spirit joins the throngs
  Who with them "shout for joy!"

BARTON.

THE STARS.

V.

Ye Stars! bright legions that before all time,
Camped on yon plain of sapphire, what shall tell
Your burning myriads, but the eye of Him
Who bade through heaven your golden chariots wheel?
Yet who earth-born can see your hosts, nor feel
Immortal impulses—Eternity?
What wonder if the o'er-wrought soul should reel
With its own weight of thought, and the wild eye
See fate within your tracks of deepest glory, lie?

For ye behold the mightiest. From that steep,
What ages have ye worshipped round your King?
Ye heard his trumpet sounded o'er the sleep
Of earth;—ye heard the morning angels sing.
Upon that orb, now o'er me quivering,
The gaze of Adam fixed from paradise;
The wanderers of the deluge saw it spring
Above the mountain-surge, and hailed its rise,
Lighting their lonely track with hope's celestial dyes.

On Calvary shot down that purple eye,
When, but the soldier and the sacrifice,
All were departed.—Mount of agony!
But Time's broad pinion, ere the giant dies,
Shall cloud your dome.—Ye fruitage of the skies,
Your vineyard shall be shaken! From your urn,
Censers of heaven, no more shall glory rise,
Your incense to the throne! The heavens shall burn!
For all your pomps are dust, and shall to dust return.

Yet look, ye living intellect; the trine
Of waning planets speaks it not decay?
Does Schedir's staff of diamond wave no sign?
Monarch of midnight, Sirius, shoots thy ray
Undimmed, when thrones sublunar pass away?
Dreams! yet if e'er was graved in vigil wan
Your spell on gem or imaged alchymy,
The sign when empire's hour-glass downwards ran,
'Twas on that arch, graved on that brazen talisman.

CROLY.

THE EVENING STAR.

A Sapphic Ode.

"Clouds float around to honour thee, and Evening
Lingers in heaven." SOUTHEY.

When from the blue sky traces of the day-light
Fade, and the night-winds sigh from the ocean,
Then, on thy watch-tower, beautiful thou shinest,
Star of the Evening!

Homewards weary man plods from his labour;
From the dim vale comes the low of the oxen;
Still are the woods, and the wings of the small birds
Folded in slumber.

Thou art the lover's Star! thou to his fond heart
Ecstasy bequeathest; for, beneath thy soft ray,
Underneath the green trees, down by the river, he
Waits for his fair one.

Thou to the sad heart beacon art of solace—
Kindly the mourner turns his gaze towards thee,
Past joys awakening, thou bid'st him be of comfort,
Smiling in silence.

Star of the mariner! when the dreary ocean
Welters around him, and the breeze is moaning,
Fondly he deems that thy bright eye is dwelling
On his home afar off:

On the dear cottage, where sit by the warm hearth,
Thinking of the absent, his wife and his dear babes,
In his ear sounding, the hum of their voices
Steals like a zephyr.

Farewell, thou bright Star! when wo and anguish
Hung on my heart with a heavy and sad load,
When not a face on the changed earth was friendly,
Changeless didst thou smile.

Soon shall the day come, soon shall the night flee,
Thou dost usher in darkness and day-light;

Glitterest through the storm, and, 'mid the blaze of morning,
Meltest in glory.

Thus through this dark earth holds on the good man,
Misfortune and malice tarnish not his glory;
Soon the goal is won, and the Star of his being
Mingles in heaven.

MOIR.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

I.

The world lay hushed in slumber deep,
And darkness veiled the mind,
When rose upon their shadowy sleep
The Star that saves mankind.

It dawns o'er Bethlehem's holy shed
And, scattering at the sight,
Heaven's idol-host at once have fled
Before that awful light.

Led by the solitary Star
To glory's poor abode,
Lo! wondering wisdom from afar
Brings incense to her God.

Humility on Judah's hills,
Watching her fleecy care,
Turns to an angel voice, that fills
With love the midnight air.

Like voices through yon bursting cloud,
Announce the Almighty plan:
Hymning in adoration loud,
"Peace and good-will to man!"

CAMPBELL.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

II.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all—
It bade my dark forebodings cease:
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star!—The Star of Bethlehem!

WHITE.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chesnut-flowers,
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.—
But is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time.
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last;
A shade of earth has been round you cast!
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh! what have ye looked on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay,
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!—
Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills passed?—
Ye have looked on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to the earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race!
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!—
But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there with their eyes of light!
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell!

The Summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore;—
Ye are marked by care;—ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's;—fare ye well, farewell!

MRS. HEMANS.

SPRING.

I.

THE glad birds are singing,
The gay flowerets springing
O'er meadow and mountain, and down in the vale;
The green leaves are bursting;
My spirit is thirsting
To bask in the sunbeams, and breathe the fresh gale.

Sweet season! appealing
To fancy and feeling;
Be thy advent the emblem of all I would crave,
Of light more than vernal,
That day-spring eternal
Which shall dawn on the dark wintry night of the grave!

BARTON.

SPRING.

II.

THE bleak winds of Winter are past
The frost and the snow are both gone,
And the trees are beginning at last
To put their green leafiness on.

The snow-drop, like ivory white,
The crocus, as yellow as gold,
The hepatica, hardy and bright,
Have ventured their bloom to unfold.

And, sweeter than these, in the lane,
On its warm, sheltered bank may be found,
The violets in blossom again,
Shedding spring's richest odours around.

The primrose and cowslip are out,
And the fields are with daisies all gay;
While the butterflies, flitting about,
Seem glad in the sunshine to play,

Not more glad than the bee is to gather
   New honey to store in his cell;
He too is abroad this fine weather,
   To rifle cup, blossom, and bell.

The goldfinch, and blackbird, and thrush,
   Are brimful of music and glee;
They have each got a nest in some bush,
   And the rook has built his on a tree.

The lark's home is hid in the corn,
   But he springs from his low nest—on high,
And warbles his welcome to morn,
   Till he seems like a speck on the sky.

Oh! who would be sleeping in bed
   When the skies with such melody ring,
And the bright earth beneath him is fed
   With the beauty and fragrance of Spring?

BARTON.

SPRING.

III.

The great sun,
Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,
Came forth to do thee homage; a sweet hymn
Was by the low winds chaunted in the sky;
And when thy feet descended on the earth,
Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers
By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field,
To hail her blessed deliverer!—Ye fair trees,
How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!
It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
Fell on you from a rainbow: but it lives
Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,
Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,
Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves?—
Yet are ye not
Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful

Than the young lambs, that, from the valley-side,
Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,
Half happy, half afraid! O blessëd things!
At sight of this your perfect innocence,
The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away
Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.

WILSON.

SPRING.

IV.

What wakest thou Spring?—sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south-wind hath pierced the whispering shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call—
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep;
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood-anemone;
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the heart, O Spring?
The human heart with all its dreams and sighs?

Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth, where'er thou art—
What wakest thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much!—We know not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more shall see!
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring! 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why revivest thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
Oh! is it not, that from thine earthly track,
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones there.

MRS. HEMANS.

SPRING.

V.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!—
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.—

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe:
While through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks
With measured step, and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.—
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown,
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; ariculas enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, showered from every bush, the damask rose.

Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and the endless bloom.
Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent. Joined to these,
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulation mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

THOMSON.

SPRING.

VI.

How smiling wakes the verdant year,
Arrayed in velvet green!
How glad the circling fields appear,
That bound the blooming scene!

Forth walks from heaven the beaming Spring,
Calm as the dew she sheds;
And o'er the Winter's muttering king
Her veil of roses spreads.

The sky serene, the waking flowers,
The river's loosened wave,
Repay the kind and and tepid hours
With all the charms they gave.

And hark! from yon melodious grove
The feathered warblers break;
And into notes of joy and love
The solitude awake!

And shall the first beloved of heaven
Mute listen as they sing;
Shall man, to whom the lyre is given,
Not wake one tuneful string?

O let me join the aspiring lay,
That gives my Maker praise;
Join, but in louder notes than they,
Than all their pleasures raise!

From stormy Winter hoar and chill
Warm scenes of peace arise:
For ever thus from seeming ill
Heaven every good supplies.

For see, 'tis mildness, beauty, all
Around the laughing whole;
And nature's verdant charms recall
The mildness of the soul.

O Thou, from whose all-gracious eye
The sun of splendour beams;
Whose glories every ray supply,
That gilds the trembling streams;

O'er nature's green and teeming fields
Bid flowery graces rise;
And every sweet creation yields,
Salute the morning skies.

Where yonder moves the plough of toil
Along the stubborn land,

O kindly lift the yielding soil,
And soothe the labouring hand.

Thence bid gay Fruitfulness around
Her blooming reign extend;
And where thy richest gifts are found,
Tell who the heavenly friend.

As with her smiles life's weary vale
Is gentler trod below;
With thine, the closing home we hail,
That shuts us in from woe!

Till that celestial home is ours,
Let us its Lord implore,
Content may cheer our pilgrim hours,
And guide us to the door.

HUNT.

MARCH.

I

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs from frost set free,
That brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But, in thy sternest frown, abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

BRYANT. *(American.)*

MARCH.

II.

MARCH! how mild thy genial hours,
Soft azure skies, and gilded showers,
The blaze of lights, the deepening shade,
Tints that flush the cloud, and fade;
Now the young wheat's transient gleam,
Where sunfits, chasing shadows, stream;
Now, in quick effulgence seen,
On yonder slope, its sparkling green;
And sprinkled o'er the mossy mould,
Crocuses, like drops of gold,
And the lent-lily's paler yellow,
Where flower the asp and water-willow;
And the polyanthus, fair
Its hues, as bathed in summer air;
And the white violets, that just peep,
And, sheltered by the rosemary, sleep;
Bursting lilacs, and beneath
Currant-buds that freshly breathe
The first spring-scent, light gooseberry leaves
With which the obtrusive ivy weaves
Its verdure dark, (this day, though late
Cut off, to meet a cruel fate.)

The cherry, too, that purpling glows,
And, full of leaf, the hedgerow rose;
On this south wall, the peach-bloom pale,
Where huddles many a clustering snail;
And round the trunk of yon hoar tree,
Here and there a humming bee
That wanders to the sunny nook,
Or seeks, hard by, the glittering brook;
The blackbird's trill, and every lay
That, warbling wild-love, dies away;
And on each ash and elm's grey crest,
Cawing rooks, that frame the nest
Anew, or with parental care
Their cradles worn by time repair—
These, this moment, meet my eyes,
Or my charmëd ear surprise;—
Sounds that melt, and sights that seem
To wave o'er winter like a dream.—
Yet, ere in recent brightness born,
The moon shall fill each silver horn,
Clear as now we hail its rays
Where evening's crimson vest decays,
Yet shall thy storm, impetuous March!
In blackness cloud the ethereal arch,
Sweep those dewy meads serene,
And rifle all this garden-scene!
Then shall we not, my Phebe! seize
Fleeting pleasures such as these!
Scared by winds, and rushing rain,
Will spring ne'er visit us again?
Are we sure when floods subside,
This amber stream shall dimpling glide,
And again so softly steal
The pastoral tufts to yonder dale?
Haste, let us ravish, ere it fly,
Bliss so fugitive and coy;
Muse on each colour's opening glow,
Trace the blossoms as they blow;
Listen to the choral grove,
And drink the soul of life and love.

POLWHELE.

MARCH.

III.

Come hither, come hither, and view the face
Of Nature, enrobed in her vernal grace.—
By the hedgerow way-side flowers are springing;
On the budding elms the birds are singing;
And up—up—up to the gates of heaven
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture driven:
The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud;
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud;
Come hither, come hither, and join with me
In the season's delightful jubilee!
Haste out of doors—from the pastoral mount
The isles of ocean thine eye may count—
From coast to coast, and from town to town,
You can see the white sails gleaming down,
Like monstrous water-birds, which fling
The golden light from each snowy wing;
And the chimnied steam-boat tossing high
Its volumed smoke to the waste of sky:
While you note, in foam, on the yellow beach,
The tiny billows, each chasing each,
Then melting like cloudlets in the sky,
Or time in the sea of eternity!
Why tarry at home?—the swarms of air
Are about—and o'erhead—and every where—
The little moth opens its silken wings,
And from right to left like a blossom flings,
And from side to side, like a thistle seed,
Uplifted by winds from September mead:
The midge and the fly from their long dull sleep
Venture again on the light to peep,
Over lake and land abroad they flee,
Filling air with their murmuring ecstasy:
The hare leaps up from his brushwood bed,
And limps, and turns its timid head;
The partridge whirrs from the glade; the mole
Pops out from the earth its wintry hole;
And the perking squirrel's small nose you see
From the fungous nook of its own beech tree.
Come, hasten ye hither—our garden bowers

Are green with the promise of budding flowers—
The crocus, and, Spring's first messenger,
The fairy snow-drop, are blooming here ;
The taper-leafed tulip is sprouting up ;
The hyacinth speaks of its purple cup ;
The jonquil boasteth, " Ere few weeks run,
My golden sunlet I'll show the sun ;"
The gilly-flower shoots its stem on high,
And peeps on heaven with its pinky eye ;
Primroses, an iris-hued multitude,
By the kissing winds are wooing and wooed ;
While the wall-flower threatens, with bursting bud,
To darken its blossoms with winter's blood.
Come hither, come hither, and mark how swell
The fruit-buds of the jargonelle ;
On its yet but leaflet greening boughs
The apricot open its blossom throws ;
The delicate peach-tree's branches run
O'er the warm wall, glad to feel the sun ;
And the cherry proclaims of cloudless weather,
When its fruit and the blackbirds will toy together.
See, the gooseberry bushes their riches show,
And the currant bush hangs its leaves below,
And the damp-loving rasp saith, " I'll win your praise
With my grateful coolness on harvest days."
Come along, come along, and guess with me
How fair, and how fruitful the year shall be !
Look into the pasture grounds o'er the pale,
And behold the foal with its switching tail ;
About and abroad in its mirth it flies,
With its long black forelocks about its eyes,
Or bends its neck down with a stretch,
The daisy's earliest flower to reach.
See, as on by the hawthorn fence we pass,
How the sheep are nibbling the tender grass,
Or holding their heads to the sunny ray,
As if their hearts, like its smile, were gay ;
While the chattering sparrows, in and out,
Fly the shrubs, and trees, and roofs about ;
And sooty rooks, loudly cawing, roam
With sticks and straws to their woodland home.—

Out upon indoor cares—rejoice
In the thrill of Nature's bewitching voice!
The finger of God hath touched the sky,
And the clouds, like a vanquished army, fly,
Leaving a rich, wide azure bow,
O'erspanning the works of his hand below;—
The finger of God hath touched the earth,
And it starts from slumber in smiling mirth;
Behold it awake in the bird and bee,
In the springing flower, and the sprouting tree,
And the leaping trout, and the lapsing stream,
And the south wind soft, and the warm sunbeam:—
From the sward beneath, and the boughs above,
Come the scent of flowers, and the sounds of love:
Then haste thee hither, and join thy voice
With a world's which shouts, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"

MOIR.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

COME, tell me now, sweet little Bird,
  Who decked thy wings with gold?
Who fashioned so thy tiny form,
  And bade thy wings unfold?

Who taught thee such enchanting power,
  To soothe this aching heart;
And, with thy note of harmony,
  To mock the reach of art?

Thou fly'st away! who bade thee soar?
  Who bade thee seek the sky,
And wander through yon silver cloud,
  A speck to mortal eye?

Oh, had I but thy wings, sweet Bird!
  I'd mount where angels be,
And leave behind this world of sin,
  A little thing like thee;

I'd mount where golden harps proclaim
  Emanuel's dying love,
And gladly hail the eternal rest
  Of that pure realm above.

JOHN PRINGLE.

ANSWER.

My wings with gold, by Him were tinged,
  Who framed the golden spheres;
He gave me form, who works unchanged,
  Amidst the change of years.

He taught me song, who heaven's own lyre
  Has strung to sound his praise;
Who gave the seraph words of fire,
  And thee, still warmer lays.

He bade me fly, who taught thy soul
  To shoot through time and space,
And bound o'er all the orbs that roll,
  To meet the Sun of grace.

Still seek that Sun, and thou shalt mount
  Beyond my utmost flight;
And sport and bask thee at the fount
  Of pure ethereal light.

On earth a day, a little day,
  An exile thou shalt mourn;
But soon the exile, called away,
  Shall home in peace return.

Whilst I, "a little thing," shall die,
  To thee shall rest be given,
Soft as the music of the sky,
  Long as the years of heaven.

Thy golden harp shall then proclaim
  "Emanuel's dying love,"
And dwell on the immortal theme,
  In songs still new, above.

REV. DUNCAN GRANT, Forres.

THE SKYLARK.

I.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness!
Blessed is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather-blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness!
Blessed is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

HOGG.

THE SKYLARK.

II.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy thrill delight.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingëd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard,
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphant chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then, as I am listening now.

SHELLEY.

THE SKYLARK.

III.

Ethereal Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will;
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!
To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.
Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine;
Type of the wise who soar—but never roam,—
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

WORDSWORTH.

THE SKYLARK.

IV.

Bird of the free and fearless wing!
Up! up! and greet the sun's first ray,

Until the spacious welkin ring
  With thy enlivening matin lay!
I love to track thy heavenward way
  Till thou art lost to aching sight,
And hear thy song, as blithe and gay
  As heaven above looks pure and bright.

Songster of sky and cloud! to thee
  Has heaven a joyous lot assigned;
And thou, to hear these notes of glee,
  Wouldst seem therein thy bliss to find:
Thou art the first to leave behind,
  At day's return, this lower earth;
And, soaring as on winds of wind,
  To spring whence light and life have birth.

Bird of the sweet and taintless hour!
  When dew-drops spangle o'er the lea,
Ere yet upon the bending flower
  Has lit the busy humming bee;
Pure as all nature is to thee,
  Thou with an instinct half divine,
Wingest thy fearless flight so free
  Up toward a still more glorious shrine.

Bird of the morn! from thee might man,
  Creation's lord a lesson take:
If thou, whose instinct ill may scan
  The glories that around thee break.
Thou bid'st a sleeping world awake
  To joy and praise,—O! how much more
Should mind immortal, earth forsake,
  And man look upward to adore.

Bird of the happy heavenward song!
  Could but the poet act thy part,
This soul, upborne on wings as strong
  As thought can give, from earth might start;
And he with far diviner art
  Than genius ever can supply,
As thou the ear, might glad the heart,
  And bring down music from the sky!

BARTON.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

I.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
    'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light wingëd Dryad of the trees,
    In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cooled a long age in the deep delvëd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
    O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
    And purple-stainëd mouth,
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
    Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs;
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
    And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
  Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
  Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
    Already with thee! tender is the night,

And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
    But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
  Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmëd darkness, guess each sweet
  Wherewith the seasonable month endows
    The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild:
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
    And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
  I have been half in love with easeful death,
Called him soft names in many a musëd rhyme,
  To take into the air my quiet breath;
    Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
    In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
  No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
  In ancient days by emperor and clown:
    Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
    The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very sound is like a bell
  To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
  As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep!

KEATS.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

II.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy bird!"
A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy,
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the resemblance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain:
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretched his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his name forgetful! So his fame

Should share in nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My friend, and thou, our sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music!—And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales; and far and near
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all,
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moon-light bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.—A most gentle maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle; and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate

To something more than nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid! and oft a moment's space
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
An hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a Nightingale perch giddily
On bloss'my twig, till swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.—
Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends, farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's play-mate. He knows well
The evening star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream,)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropt tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: but if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends, farewell!

COLERIDGE.

SUMMER.

I.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever fanning breezes, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face, and earth and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,
And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills
In party-coloured bands; till wide unveiled
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretched around, to meet the bending sphere.—
'Tis raging noon; and vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams,
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parched, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast fancy's bloom, and wither even the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpened scythe, the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
Thrice happy he! who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest crowned,
Beneath the whole collected shade, reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine wrought,
And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,
Sits cooly calm; while all the world without,

Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.

THOMSON.

SUMMER.

II.

Bright Summer comes along the sky,
And paints the glowing year ;
Where'er we turn the raptured eye,
Her splendid tints appear.

Thus when so fit to lift the song
To gratitude and heaven,
To whom her purple charms belong,
From whom those charms are given ?

Thee, thee, Almighty King of kings,
Man worships not alone ;
Each budding flower its incense brings,
And wafts it to thy throne.

The fields, with verdant mantle gay,
The grove's sequestered walks,
All, all around, thy praise display,
And dumb creation talks.

When Morn, with rosy fingers fair,
Her golden journey takes ;
When freshening zephyrs fan the air,
And animation wakes ;

Man starts from emblematic death,
And bends the grateful knee,
To welcome, with transported breath,
New light, and life, and thee !

When Noon averts his radiant face,
And shoots his piercing eye;
And Eve, with modest, measured pace,
Steps up the western sky,

Reposed beneath thy guardian wings,
The pious mortal rests;
Nor knows one watchful care that springs
Within unholy breasts.

What then, if pealing thunders roll,
If lightnings flash afar;
Undaunted hears his sainted soul
The elemental war.

'Tis but to him a parent's voice,
That blesses while it blames;
That bids unburdened air rejoice,
And life and health proclaims.

Night's deepest gloom is but a calm,
That soothes the wearied mind;
The laboured day's restoring balm,
The comfort of mankind.

O thus may heaven and holy peace
Smooth soft the rocks of age;
Till thou shalt bid existence cease,
And tear its blotted page:

Till storms no more or tempests rage,
And death's dark vale I see;
That vale, which, through the shadowy grave,
But leads to heaven and thee!

SUMMER IN SOUTH AMERICA.

SUMMER was in its prime;—the parrot flocks
Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks;
The chrysomel and purple butterfly
Amid the clear blue light are wandering by;

The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
With twinkling wing, is spinning o'er the flowers;
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
Through whose illumined spray, and sprinkling dews,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues,
Chequering, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the grey rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay net-work, and fantastic twine,
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens white,
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And, 'mid the cedar's darksome bough, illumes
With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes.
Just heard to trickle through a covert near,
And soothing, with perpetual lapse, the ear,
A fount, like rain-drops, filtered through the stone,
And, bright as amber, on the shallows shone.
Intent his fairy pastime to pursue,
And gem-like, hovering o'er the violets blue,
The humming-bird, here, its unceasing song
Heedlessly murmured all the Summer long;
And when the winter came, retired to rest,
And from the myrtles hung its trembling nest.
No sounds of a conflicting world were near;
The noise of ocean faintly met the ear,
That seemed, as sunk to rest the noontide blast,
But dying sounds of passion that were past;
Or closing anthems, when, far off expire
The lessening echoes of the distant choir.

BOWLES.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Beautiful creature! I have been
Moments uncounted watching thee,

Now flitting round the foliage green
  Of yonder dark, embowering tree;
And now again, in frolic glee,
  Hovering around those opening flowers,
Happy as Nature's child should be,
  Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

And I have gazed upon thy flight,
  Till feelings I can scarce define,
Awaken'd by so fair a sight,
  With desultory thoughts combine—
Not to induce me to repine,
  Or envy thee thy happiness;
But from a lot so bright as thine,
  To borrow musings born to bless.

Then thou, delightful creature, who
  Wert yesterday a sightless worm
Becom'st a symbol fair and true,
  Of hopes that own no mortal term;
In thy proud change we see the germ
  Of man's sublimer destiny,
While holiest oracles confirm
  The type of immortality!

A change more glorious far than thine,
  Even I, thy fellow-worm, may know,
When this exhausted frame of mine
  Down to its kindred dust shall go;
When the anxiety and wo
  Of being's embryo state shall seem
Like phantoms flitting to and fro
  In some confused and feverish dream.

For thee, who flittest gaily now,
  With all thy nature asks supplied,
A few brief summer days, and thou
  No more amid these haunts shalt glide,
As hope's fair herald—in thy pride
  The sylph-like genius of the scene,
But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,
  Shalt be—as thou hadst never been!

While man's immortal part, when time
Shall set the chainless spirit free,
May seek a brighter, happier clime
Than fancy e'er could feign for thee;
Though bright her fairy bowers may be,
Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,
And sad experience mourns to see
Each gourd-hope trusted in decayed.

Sport on, then, lovely summer fly,
With whom began my votive strain:—
Yet purer joys their hopes supply,
Who, by faith's alchemy, obtain
Comfort in sorrow, bliss in pain,
Freedom in bondage, light in gloom,
Through earthly losses heavenly gain,
And life immortal through the tomb.

BARTON.

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring Flowers, young Flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring Flowers!—they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out in the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the Rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring Flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring Flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring Flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye!
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth—bring him Flowers, wild Flowers!

Bring Flowers, fresh Flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth.
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring Flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring Flowers, pale Flowers, on the bier to shed
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
For this through its leaves hath the white Rose burst;
For this in the woods was the Violet nursed;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours;
They are Love's last gift—bring ye Flowers—pale Flowers!

Bring Flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are Nature's offering, their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring Flowers, bright Flowers!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE ROSE.

I.

As the Rose of the valley, when dripping with dew,
Is the sweetest in odour, and brightest in hue;
So the glance of dear woman most lovely appears,
When it beams from her eloquent eye through her tears!

ANONYMOUS.

THE ROSE.

II.

THE Rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The Rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

SCOTT.

THE ROSE.

III.

The Rose, the sweetly-blooming Rose,
 Ere from the tree 'tis torn,
Is like the charms which Beauty shows,
 In life's exulting morn.

But, oh! how soon its sweets are gone,
 How soon it withering lies!
So, when the eve of life comes on,
 Sweet Beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made
 Soon withering we shall find,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,
 The beauties of the mind.

C. J. FOX.

THE ROSE.

IV.

The Rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
 Which Mary to Anna conveyed;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
 And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
 I snapped it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
 Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,
  Might have bloomed with its owner a while;
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
  May be followed perhaps with a smile.

COWPER.

THE ROSE.

V.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
  Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
The bridal day—the festival—the tomb—
  Thou hast thy part in each,—thou stateliest flower!

Therefore with thy soft breath come floating by
  A thousand images of love and grief,
Dreams, filled with tokens of mortality,
  Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee first
  In the clear light of Eden's golden day;
There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,
  Linked with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gathered, and the bier;
  Rose! coloured now by human hope or pain;
Surely where death is not—nor change nor fear,
  Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own flower, again!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE LILY.

I.

"Consider the Lilies of the field how they grow."—MATT. vi. 26.

SWEET nursling of the vernal skies,
  Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew;
What more than magic in you lies,
  To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay,
  Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fallen all beside—the world of life
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In reason's world what storms are rife,
With passion's rage and glare!

But changeful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our common thought;—
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And, as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons undescried
By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when he paused and owned you good;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye feel it all renewed.
What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.

KEBLE.

THE LILY.

II.

Look on that flower—the daughter of the vale,
The Medicean statue of the shade!
Her limbs of modest beauty, aspect pale,
Are but by her ambrosial breath betrayed.
There, half in elegant relief displayed,
She standeth to our gaze, half shrinking shuns;
Folding her green scarf, like a bashful maid,
Around, to screen her from her suitor suns;
Not all her many sweets she lavisheth at once.

Locked in the twilight of depending boughs,
Where night and day commingle, she doth shoot
Where nightingales repeat their marriage vows;
First by retiring wins our curious foot,
Then charms us by her loveliness to suit
Our contemplation to her lonely lot;
Her gloom, leaf, blossom, fragrance, form dispute
Which shall attract most belgards to the spot,
And loveliest her array who fain would rest unsought.

Her gloom, the aisle of heavenly solitude;
Her flower, the vestal nun who there abideth;
Her breath, that of celestials meekly wooed
From heaven; her leaf the holy veil which hideth
Her form, the shrine where purity resideth;
Spring's darling, Nature's pride, the Sylvan's queen—
To her, at eve, enamoured Zephyr glideth;
Trembling, she bids him waft aside her screen,
And to his kisses wakes—the Flora of the scene.

WILD FLOWERS.

I.

Ye Field Flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of broken glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep, mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore:
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and rainnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom,
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPBELL.

WILD FLOWERS.

II.

Wild flowers!
I love right well
To visit where ye dwell,
On mountain, valley, or in woody bowers,
Whether coquetting with the garish sun,
Or weeping dewy tears 'neath evening's shadows dun.

By what name
Botanic, ye are known,
I care not; you're the same—
In glory garmented—each in your own;
And God's benignant mercy to his creatures
Speaks out in all your fascinating features.

Since young years,
My soul's full love ye share;
And, treading where ye are,
My heart grows bigger, and shakes off its tears;
Sisters of beauty, earth's most radiant stars!
Shining forth, side by side, unconscious of man's jars.

In summer weather
Close nestling cheek to cheek,
So modest, and so meek,
Like loving hearts partaking all together;
The shade, the sunshine, is your common lot;
You're all remembered, or you're all forgot.

Flowers! how shrink ye
From man's o'erweening ways!
He, moth-like, seeks the blaze;
Ye dwell retired in secret modesty:
Falsehood and change in him are e'er inherent—
In you the child is ever like the parent.

The open sky
Is quick with living lights,
Yet less heart-deep delights
It yields than those the greenwood can supply;
How God can make a small flower of the field
Perform its destined part, and pregnant blessings yield!

In hour of pride,
Not victor's burst of joy
Can match, without alloy,
The raptures that with nature's sons abide;
These joys she gave me in a mood of love,
And the world's bickering strife them never shall remove!

At early morn,
When yet your lips are wet
With kisses given you when the stars are met,
Long ere the hunter's loud-awakening horn
Hath roused the laggard to the work of death,
What joy to suck the honied fragrance of your breath!

Serenely fair,
Half-hidden by the grass,
With virgin, bashful face,
Blithe beauty dallying with your cheeks and hair,
Ye peep reluctant from beneath the weeds,
Like goodness blushing to make known her deeds.

Wild flowers!
I love right well
To visit where ye dwell,
On Scotia's hills, or vales, or shady bowers!
Your foreign sisters can small joy impart,
But ye are rooted, grow, and blossom in my heart!

D. CHRISTIE.

THE DAISY.

I.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale;

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forests, haunts the glen
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page:—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

THE DAISY.

II.

In youth, from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

When soothed a while by milder airs,
Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly shades his few grey hairs;
Spring cannot shun thee;
Whole Summer fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy wight,
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou livest with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;

Some steady love, some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning ray,
I see thee rise alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews oppressed
Thou sinkest, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

Child of the year! that round dost run
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
And cheerful, when the day's begun,
As morning leveret,
* Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Dear shalt thou be to future men
As in old time;—thou, not in vain,
Art Nature's favourite.

WORDSWORTH.

THE WREATH.

I SOUGHT the garden's gay parterre
To cull a wreath for Mary's hair;
And thought I surely here might find
Some emblem of her lovely mind,

* See, in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

Where taste displays the varied bloom
Of Flora's beauteous drawing-room.
And, first of peerless form and hue,
The stately Lily caught my view,
Fair bending from her graceful stem
Like queen with regal diadem:
But though I viewed her with delight,
She seemed too much to woo the sight,—
A fashionable belle—to shine
In some more courtly wreath than mine.
I turned and saw a tempting row
Of flaunting Tulips full in blow—
But left them with their gaudy dyes
To Nature's beaux—the butterflies.
Bewildered 'mid a thousand hues,
Still harder grew the task to choose;
Here, delicate Carnations bent
Their heads in lovely languishment,—
Much as a pensive Miss expresses,
With neck declined, her soft distresses!
There gay Jonquilles in foppish pride
Stood by the Painted-Lady's side,
And Hollyhocks superbly tall
Beside the Crown-Imperial:
But still 'midst all this gorgeous glow
Seemed less of sweetness than of show;
While close beside in warning grew
The allegoric *Thyme* and *Rue*.
There, too, stood that fair-weather flower,
Which, faithful still in sunshine hour,
With fervent adoration turns
Its breast where golden Phœbus burns—
Base symbol (which I scorned to lift)
Of friends that change as fortunes shift!
Tired of the search I bent my way
Where Teviot's haunted waters stray;
And from the Wild-Flowers of the grove
I framed a garland for my love:
The slender circlet first to twine
I plucked the rambling Eglantine,
That decked the cliff in clusters free,
As sportive and as sweet as she:

I stole the Violet from the brook,
Though hid like her in shady nook,
And wove it with the Mountain-Thyme—
The myrtle of our stormy clime:
The Hare-Bell looked like Mary's eye,
The Blush-Rose breathed her tender sigh,
And Daisies, bathed in dew, exprest
Her innocent and gentle breast.
And, now, my Mary's brow to braid,
This chaplet in her bower is laid,
A fragrant emblem fresh and wild
Of simple Nature's sweetest child.

AUTUMN.

I.

AUTUMN, I love thy bower
  With faded garlands drest;
How sweet, alone to linger there,
When tempests ride the midnight air,
To snatch from mirth a fleeting hour,
  The sabbath of the breast!

Autumn, I love thee well;
  Though bleak thy breezes blow,
I love to see the vapours rise,
And clouds roll wildly round the skies,
Where from the plain the mountains swell,
  And foaming torrents flow.

Autumn, thy fading flowers
  Droop but to bloom again;
So man, though doomed to grief awhile,
To hang on Fortune's fickle smile,
Shall glow in heaven with nobler powers,
  Nor sigh for peace in vain.

HAVEN. (*American.*)

AUTUMN.

II.

NAY, William, nay, not so ; the changeful year
In all its due successions to my sight
Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
All in their season good. These fading leaves,
That with their rich variety of hues
Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
So beautiful, in you awake the thought
Of winter, cold, drear winter ; when these trees,
Each like a fleshless skeleton, shall stretch
Its bare brown boughs ; when not a flower shall spread
Its colours to the day, and not a bird
Carol its joyance,—but all nature wear
One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
To me their many-coloured beauties speak
Of times of merriment and festival,
The year's best holiday : I call to mind
The school-boy days, when, in the falling leaves,
I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
Of coming Christmas, when at morn I took
My wooden kalendar, and, counting up
Once more its often told account, smoothed off
Each day with more delight the daily notch.
To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doomed to the grave's long winter, spirit-broke,
Bending beneath the burden of his years,
Sense-dulled, and fretful, " full of aches and pains,"
Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless ; you in this fair world
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water full of living things,
Each on the other preying ; and the ways
Of man, a strange, perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,

Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and tumults of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! all things then
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou shouldst feel
God, always, every-where, and all in all.

SOUTHEY.

AUTUMN.

III.

THERE is a fearful spirit busy now;
  Already have the elements unfurled
  Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurled:
The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow
About, and blindly on their errands go;
  And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
  From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
I love that moaning music which I hear
  In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
  And, in sublime, mysterious sympathy,
  Man's bounding spirit ebbs, and swells more high,
  Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

PROCTER.

AUTUMN.

IV.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
  Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
  With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or in a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinëd flowers:
And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cyder press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barrëd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourne;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS.

AUTUMN.

V.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enlivened, wide invests

The happy world. Attempered suns arise,
Sweet beamed, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm ; while, broad and brown, below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripened field the reapers stand
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !
How good the God of harvest is to you ;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole.

THOMSON.

AUTUMN.

VI.

FAIR Autumn spreads her fields of gold,
And waves her amber wand;
See earth its yellow charms unfold
Beneath her magic hand !

Unrivalled beauty decks our vales,
Bright fruitfulness our plains ;
Gay health with cheefulness prevails,
And smiling glory reigns.

To Thee, great liberal source of all,
We strike our earthly lyre;
Till fate our rising soul shall call,
And angels form the choir.

The splendour that enchants our eyes
Reminds us of thy fame;
The blessings that from earth arise
Thy generous hand proclaim.

The plenty round our meadows seen
Is emblem of thy love;
And harmony, that binds the scene,
The peace that reigns above.

Beneath the sickle, smiling round,
And in destruction fair,
The golden harvest strews the ground,
And shuts the laboured year.

Man drops into refreshing rest,
And smooths his wearied brow;
With rural peace the herds are blest,
And nature smiles below.

O let thy hand, parental King,
Be open to our prayers!
Unlock sweet plenty's liberal spring,
And shower untainted airs.

And send me through life's noiseless way,
With Innocence my guide:
Let no temptations bid me stray,
And leave her angel side!

O let the bird of tuneful breath,
The beast that frisks on earth,
The fish that sports the wave beneath,
Enjoy their short-lived mirth!

Let no rude instrument of fate
Arrest the fluttering wing;
No horns re-echo at my gate,
That smiles and slaughter bring:

No quavering line, with tortured snare
 In agonizing fraud,
Explore the streams, that flow so fair,
 To tempt the watery lord!

That mercy which to man is given,
 So sweet with dewy eyes,
O let it seek its native heaven,
 When gentle pity dies!

HUNT.

A BRIGHT AUTUMNAL DAY.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessëd sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing, green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long-protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling: even the insect swarms,
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks and shores,
The forest and the everlasting hills,
Smiled in that joyful sunshine—they partook
The universal blessing.

SOUTHEY.

THE END OF AUTUMN.

I.

As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
That copes the sheepfold ring ; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears,
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
That circles Autumn's brow : The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leafed thorn ; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load ; the hazel hangs
With auburn branches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks :—Oft statue like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest-sheaf,
Borne rapidly down the dizzying flood.

GRAHAME.

THE END OF AUTUMN.

II.

Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet dropped with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still ;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the red-breast shrill ;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer ;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hushed the clanging wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of scattered grain.

Deem'st thou these saddened scenes have pleasure still,
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower withered on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralize on mortal joy and pain?
O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn although its hoarser note
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist on Autumn's evening sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,
Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.

SCOTT.

THE FALLING LEAF.

I.

As the light Leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
Some trembling insect's little world of cares,
Descends in silence, while around waves on
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone!
Such is Man's doom—and, ere an hour be flown
Reflect, thou trifler, such may be thine own!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE FALLING LEAF.

II.

The bright sun threw his glory all around,
And then the balmy, mild, autumnal breeze
Swept, with a musical, and fitful sound,
Among the fading foliage of the trees;

And now and then, a playful gust would seize
Some falling Leaf, and, like a living thing,
Which flits about wherever it may please,
It floated round in many an airy ring,
Till on the dewy grass it lost its transient wing.

BARTON.

THE FALLING LEAF.

III.

Were I a trembling Leaf
On yonder stately tree,
After a season gay and brief,
Condemned to fade and flee,—

I should be loath to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurned by all,
Till trödden down to clay.

I would not choose to die
All on a bed of grass,
Where thousands of my kindred lie,
And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread
My thin and withered face,
In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,
A mummy of my race.

No,—on the wings of air
Might I be left to fly,
I know not, and I heed not where,
A waif of earth and sky!

Or, cast upon the stream,
Curled like a fairy-boat,
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end I'd float.

Who, that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before?

On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet like heaven's fire,
It is not quenched, but gone.

MONTGOMERY.

WINTER.

I.

No longer autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed;
No more beneath the evening beam
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath passed the heather-bell
That bloomed so rich on Needpath fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister heights of Yair.
The sheep before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines.
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky.
The shepherd shifts his mantle fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.
My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?
Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;

Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

SCOTT.

WINTER

II.

THOU hast thy beauties: sterner ones I own,
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless bowers, with ivy overgrown.
Thou hast thy decorations too; although
Thou art austere: thy studded mantle, gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes Nature; till her features seem
Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

BARTON.

WINTER.

III.

O WINTER! ruler of the inverted year
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,

I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
And dreaded as thou art!—Thou holdest the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse, and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening, know.

WINTER.

IV.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail!
Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year,
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual short
His struggling rays in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air, as, clothed in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.—
The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then, brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is!
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.—
'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life;—pass some few years,
Thy flowery Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy, bustling days?
Those gay spent festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man!
His guide to happiness on high!

THOMSON.

WINTER.

V.

Though now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,
    I love thee, Winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
Pleasant the Autumnal winds that shake
    The many-coloured grove.

And pleasant to the sobered soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds her in a trance
    In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
    The forest's ample rounds;

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
Or o'er the grey stone spreads.

The clustered berries claim the eye
O'er the bright holly's gay green leaves:
The ivy round the leafless oak
Clasps its full foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
And, by Religion's aid upheld,
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters, hid from Summer sun,
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends in spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the floweret bloom.

For Nature, soon in Spring's best charms,
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,
Again expand the bursting bud,
And bid the floweret bloom.

SOUTHEY.

WINTER.

VI.

Hark! 'twas dark Winter's sullen voice,
That told the glooms that reigned;
That bade the plains no more rejoice,
And all the waves be chained.

And see! green Autumn dies away;
  The pallid sire is come!
The plains his shivering rules obey,
  And every wave is dumb!

Yet still with cheerful heart I pace
  The whitened vale below;
And smile at every printed trace
  I leave upon the snow.

Thus, (soft I whisper to my breast,)
  Man treads life's weary waste;
Each step that leads to better rest
  Forgot as soon as past!

For what is life and all its bliss?
  The splendour of a fly;
The breathing of a morning's kiss;
  A summer's flushing sky.

Dismantled lies the gaudy fly;
  Morn droops at evening's frown;
And Summer, though so gay her eye,
  Tempestuous terrors crown!

Yes, Lord! but shoots no gladdening day
  Through this nocturnal scene?
Decks not one gem of lively ray
  Grief's darksome wave unseen?

How sweet the evergreen beguiles
  The gloom of yonder snow!
Thus Virtue cheers, with endless smiles,
  Life's wintry waste of woe.

Howl then, ye storms! ye tempests, beat
  Round this unshrinking head!
I know a sweet, a soft retreat
  In Virtue's peaceful shed!

Drive down, ye hails! pour, snows and winds,
  Pale terror where I stray!
My foot a path, yet verdant, finds
  Where Virtue smooths the way!

O Thou! by whose all-gracious hand
The cherub Mercy stands,
Smiling at each divine command,
With fondness o'er the lands;

O let me ne'er, with marble eye,
Pale shivering Want reject;
Where mourns the long, the deep-drawn sigh,
The anguish of neglect!

While lordly pride and cushioned ease
Petition's tear despise;
O let this hand the mourner raise,
And wipe her streaming eyes!

When death shall call me to my Lord,
To bow beneath his throne;
His praise be the divine reward,
That charity has won.

There, where no wintry storms affright,
No tempests shake the pole;
No gloomy shades of dreary night
Appal the waking soul;

There, let me ever hymn, adore,
And love the immortal King;
Love, while dread Winter breaks no more
The eternity of Spring!

HUNT.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,

With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! A simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But, wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee; marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun, direct, the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! Join, every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes!
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe;
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune; ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice,
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon:
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams;
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write, with every beam, his praise.
The thunder rolls; be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound. The broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake! a boundless song
Burst from the grove; and when the restless day
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases, each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,

Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute; my fancy paint no more;
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to thy farthest verge
Of the green earth; to distant barbarous climes;
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
When even, at last, the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I, cheerful, will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise!

THOMSON.



THE VOICE OF THE WIND

"There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit."

OH! many a voice is thine, thou Wind!
Full many a voice is thine;
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps,
Thou bearest a sound and sign.
A minstrel wild and strong thou art,
With a mastery all thine own;
And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind!
That gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war,
Where shivered helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling note
Of a clarion in the sky ;
A rustling of proud banner-folds,
A peal of stormy drums—
All these are in thy music met,
As when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas,
And from their wastes brought back
Each noise of waters that awoke
In the mystery of thy track ;
The chime of low, soft, southern waves
On some green palmy shore,
The hollow roll of distant surge,
The gathered billow's roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep,
Thou mighty rushing Wind !
And thou bearest all their unisons
In one full swell combined ;
The restless pines, the moaning stream,
All hidden things and free,
Of the dim old sounding wilderness,
Have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up
For the conqueror passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets a sound
Of haughty revelry ;
The rolling of triumphant wheels,
The harpings in the hall,
The far-off shouts of multitudes,
Are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines,
From ancient minsters vast,
Through the dark aisles of a thousand years
Thy lonely wing hath passed ;
Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell,
The stately dirge's tone,
For a chief with sword, and shield, and helm,
To his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes,
  Wherein our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there,
  The loved, the kind, the true ;
Thou callest back those melodies,
  Though now all changed and fled—
Be still, be still, and haunt us not
  With music from the dead !

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild Wind ?
  These many notes in *thee* ?
For in our own unfathomed souls
  Their fount must surely be ;
Yes ! buried but unsleeping *there*,
  Thought watches, Memory lies,
From whose deep urn the tones are poured
  Through all earth's harmonies !

MRS. HEMANS.

THE WINDS.

Ye viewless minstrels of the sky !
I marvel not, in times gone by,
  That ye were deified :
For, even in this later day,
To me oft has your power, or play,
  Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power ! when, by your might,
You heave the wild waves, crested white,
  Like mountains in your wrath ;
Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which to the seaman roused from sleep,
  Yawn like death's opening path !

Graceful your play ! when, round the bower
Where Beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower,
  To wreathe her dark locks there,
Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe
The leaves between, flit round that wreath,
  And stir her silken hair.

Still thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth :—
 Ye come!—we know not whence!
Ye go!—can mortals trace your flight?
All imperceptible to sight,
 Though audible to sense.

The Sun—his rise and set we know;
The Sea—we mark its ebb and flow;
 The Moon—her wax and wane;
The Stars—man knows their courses well,
The comet's vagrant paths can tell;—
 But You his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!
Who mock all our imaginings,
 Like spirits in a dream;
What epithet can words supply
Unto the bard who takes such high
 Unmanageable theme?

But one :—to me, when fancy stirs
My thoughts, ye seem heaven's messengers,
 Who leave no path untrod;
And when, as now, at midnight's hour,
I hear your voice in all its power,
 It seems the Voice of God.

BARTON.

A STORM.

I.

Dazzling may seem the noontide sky,
 Its arch of azure showing;
And lovely to the gazer's eye
 The west at sunset glowing.

Splendid the east, at morning bright,
 Fair—moonlight on the ocean,
But glorious is the hushed delight
 Born in the Storm's commotion.

To see the dark and lowering cloud
By vivid lightning riven,
To hear the answer, stern and proud,
By echoing thunders given.

To feel in such a scene and hour,
'Mid all that each discloses,
The presence of that viewless power
On whom the world reposes:

This to the heart, is more than all
Mere beauty can bring o'er it;
Thought, feeling, fancy—own its thrall,
And joy is hushed before it.

BARTON.

A STORM.

II.

As he spake, I saw
The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep;
And heavily upon the long, low swell,
The vessel laboured on the labouring sea.
The reef-points rattled on the shivering sail;
At fits, the sudden gust howled ominous;
Anon, with unremitting fury raged.
High rolled the mighty billows, and the blast
Swept from the sheeted sides the showery foam.
Vain, now, were all the seamen's homeward hopes,
Vain all their skill!—we drove before the storm.—
'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us.—But to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human strength, all human skill,
Avail not;—to look round, and only see
The mountain-wave incumbent with its weight
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark,—

This is indeed a dread and awful thing!
And he who hath endured the horror once
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner!

SOUTHEY.

A STORM.

III.

At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but, as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds; till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

THOMSON.

A STORM.

IV.

Once, at high noon, amidst a sultry calm,
Looking around for comfort, I descried,
Far on the green horizon's utmost verge,
A wreath of cloud; to me a glad discovery,
For each new image sprang a new idea,
The germ of thoughts to come, that could not die.
The little vapour rapidly expanded,
Lowering and thickening till it hid the sun,
And threw a starless night upon the sea.
Eagerly, tremblingly, I watched the end.
Faint gleamed the lightning, followed by no peal;
Dreary and hollow moans foretold a gale;
Nor long the issue tarried: then the wind,
Unprisoned, blew its trumpet loud and shrill;

Out flashed the lightnings gloriously; the rain
Came down like music, and the full-toned thunder
Rolled in grand harmony throughout high heaven,
Till ocean, breaking from its black supineness,
Drowned in its own stupendous uproar all
The voices of the Storm beside; meanwhile
A war of mountains raged upon his surface;
Mountains each other swallowing, and again
New Alps and Andes, from unfathomed valleys
Upstarting, joined the battle; like those sons
Of earth,—giants, rebounding as new-born
From every fall on their unwearied mother.
I glowed with all the rapture of the strife:
Beneath, was one wide whirl of foaming surges;
Above, the array of lightnings, like the swords
Of cherubim, wide brandished, to repel
Aggression from heaven's gates; their flaming strokes
Quenched momentarily in the vast abyss.

MONTGOMERY.

A STORM.

V.

The sun went down in beauty;—not a cloud
Darkened its radiance,—yet there might be seen
A few fantastic vapours scattered o'er
The face of the blue heavens; some fair and slight
As the pure lawn that shields the maiden's breast,—
Some shone like silver,—some did stream afar—
Faint and dispersed—like the pale horse's mane,
Which death shall stride hereafter,—some were glittering,
Like dolphin's scales, touched out with varying hues
Of beautiful light—outvying some the rose,
And some the violet, yellow, white, and blue,
Scarlet and purpling red.—One small lone ship
Was seen with outstretched sails, keeping its way
In quiet o'er the deep; all nature seemed
Fond of tranquillity; the glassy sea
Scarce rippled—the halcyon slept upon the wave;
The winds were all at rest,—and in the east
The crescent moon, then seen imperfectly,

Came onwards, with the vesper star, to see
A summer day's decline.—
The sun went down in beauty;—but the eyes
Of ancient seamen trembled, when they saw
A small black ominous spot far in the distance:—
It spread, and spread—larger and dark—and came
O'ershadowing the skies;—the ocean rose;
The gathering waves grew large, and broke in hoarse
And hollow sounds; the mighty winds awoke,
And screamed and whistled through the cordage; birds,
That seemed to have no home, flocked there in terror,
And sat with quivering plumage on the mast.
Flashes were seen, and distant sounds were heard—
Presages of a Storm.—
The sun went down in beauty;—but the skies
Were wildly changed.—It was a dreadful night—
No moon was seen in all the heavens, to aid
Or cheer the lone and sea-beat mariner:—
Planet nor guiding star broke through the gloom;—
But the blue lightnings glared along the waters,
As if the *Fiend* had fired his torch to light
Some wretches to their graves.—The tempest winds
Raving came next, and in deep hollow sounds—
Like those the spirits of the dead do use
When they would speak their evil prophecies—
Muttered of death to come; then came the thunder,
Deepening and crashing, as 'twould rend the world;
Or, as the Deity passed aloft in anger
And spoke to man—despair!—The ship was tossed
And now stood poised upon the curling billows,
And now 'midst deep and watery chasms—that yawned
As 'twere in hunger—sank.—Behind there came
Mountains of moving water,—with a rush
And sound of gathering power, that did appal
The heart to look on;—terrible cries were heard;
Sounds of despair,—some like a mother's anguish—
Some of intemperate, dark, and dissolute joy—
Music and horrid mirth—but unallied
To joy;—and madness might be heard amidst
The pauses of the Storm—and when the glare
Was strong, rude savage men were seen to dance
In frantic exultation on the deck,

Though all was hopeless.—Hark !—the ship has struck,
And the forked lightning seeks the arsenal !—
'Tis fired—and mirth and madness are no more !
'Midst columned smoke, deep red, the fragments fly
In fierce confusion—splinters and scorched limbs,
And burning masts, and showers of gold,—torn from
The heart that hugged it even till death. Thus doth
Sicilian Etna in her angry moods,
Or Hecla 'mid her wilderness of snows,
Shoot up its burning entrails, with a sound
Louder than e'er the Titans uttered from
Their subterranean caves, when Jove enchained
Them, daring and rebellious. The black skies,
Shocked at the excess of light, returned the sound
In frightful echoes,—as if an alarm
Had spread through all the elements :—then came
A horrid silence—deep—unnatural—like
The quiet of the grave !—

ANONYMOUS.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT STORM

ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder !—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee !
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted!
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom and then departed:
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT STORM

ON THE PYRENEES.

'Tis night, and all around is deadly still,
Save the far torrent sunk into a sigh,
And the low wailing of the mountain-rill,
Through deepest solitude that wanders by.
Amid the wastes of darkness, soaring high,
The giant hills their midnight conclave hold,
Far in the secret chambers of the sky,
With clouds and forest-mantles round them rolled:
But, hark! a heavy sound, as if a death-bell tolled!

Again, again, it breaks upon the gloom,
Fitful, and far, like billows on the shore;
Anon, with voice like what shall wake the tomb,
At once it bursts into a boundless roar!
Of fire and flood the mingled torrents pour
Down blazing cones, that red volcanoes seem:
Like rush of armies falls the thunder shower;

The mighty mountains leap amid the gleam,
And from his eyrie soars the eagle with wild scream!

And as the thunder, swathed in purple pall,
Peals o'er sierra high and central vale,
A thousand echoes, starting at the call,
Adown the darksome Roncesvalles sail,—
Till Fancy hears, upon the hollow gale,
Its phantom-knights above the battle-plain
Charge on the storm, that to a feeble wail
Dies o'er the spectre-night: the thunders wane
To murmurs down the skies, and all is hushed again.

MALCOLM.

THE STORM.

MARK VI. 47—51.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,
O! send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
  Thy mandates to fulfil—
So speak to passion's raging tide,
  Speak, and say, "Peace, be still!"

MRS. HEMANS.

SHIPWRECK.

I.

Then a sound arose, they knew not where,
It came from the sea, or it came from the air,
'Twas louder than tempest that ever blew,
And the sea-fowl screamed, and in terror flew;
Some ran to the cords, some kneeled at the shrine,
But all the wild elements seemed to combine:
'Twas just but one moment of stir and commotion,
And down went the ship like a bird of the ocean.

HOGG.

SHIPWRECK.

II.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
  Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave,
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
  As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
  And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.
And first one universal shriek there rushed,
  Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
  Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows: but at intervals there gushed,
  Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

BYRON.

SHIPWRECK.

III.

And now, lashed on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene draws near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies;
Then, headlong plunging, thunders on the ground:
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair, while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsions, rends the solid oak;
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides,
And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides.—
As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung.
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast:
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumbed and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and shafts descend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide:
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive.
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach, a lifeless crew!

SHIPWRECK.

IV.

HER giant-form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm, would go
'Mid the deep darkness, white as snow,
But gently now the small waves glide,
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!—
Hush! Hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant that kissed the fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose radiant hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flash
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.
Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturbed
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy

To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife,—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child
Returned to her at last,—
He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.—
Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The Ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets my wandering eye
But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky.
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull
Bedims the waves so beautiful;
While a low and melancholy moan
Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

WILSON.

SHIPWRECK.

V.

All night the booming minute-gun
  Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
  Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark, from India's coral strand,
  Before the rushing blast,
Had veiled her topsails to the sand,
  And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly Ship!—brave hearts have striven,
  And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven,
  Like floating gossamer;
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
  A star once o'er the seas,
Her helm beat down, her deck uptorn,—
  And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away;
  The rocks with pearls were sown;
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
  Flashed out o'er fretted stone;
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
  Like ashes by a breeze,
And gorgeous robes,—but oh! that shore
  Had sadder sights than these!

We saw the strong man, still and low,
  A crushed reed thrown aside!
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
  Not without strife he died!
And near him on the sea-weed lay,
  Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
  That *there a Mother* slept;

For her pale arms a babe had pressed*
  With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
  Yet not undone the clasp!
Her very tresses had been flung
  To wrap the child's fair form,
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
  All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
  Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like Slumber's, trustingly serene,
  In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
  With half-shut violet eye;—
He had known little of her dread,
  Nought of her agony!

Oh, human love! whose yearning heart
  Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part,
  Its passionate adieu!—

* This circumstance is related of Mrs. Cargill, an actress of some celebrity, who was shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly, when returning from India.

Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea!

MRS. HEMANS.

A BOAT RACE—AND WRECK OF A BOAT.

One gusty day, now stormy and now still,
I stood apart upon the western hill,
And saw a race at sea: a gun was heard,
And two contending boats at length appeared:
Equal awhile; then one was left behind,
And for a moment had her chance resigned,
When in that moment, up a sail they drew—
Not used before—their rivals to purse.
Strong was the gale! in hurry now there came
Men from the town, their thoughts, their fears the same,
And women too! affrighted maids and wives,
All deeply feeling for their sailors' lives.
The strife continued: in a glass we saw
The desperate efforts, and we stood in awe,
When the last Boat shot suddenly before,
Then filled, and sank— and could be seen no more!
Then were those piercing shrieks, that frantic flight,
All hurried! all in tumult and affright!
A gathering crowd from different streets drew near,
All ask, all answer—none attend, none hear!
One Boat is safe; and see! she backs her sail
To save the sinking—Will her aid avail?
Oh! how impatient on the sands we tread,
And the winds roaring and the women led,
As up and down they pace with frantic air,
And scorn a comforter, and will despair;
They know not who in either boat is gone,
But think the father, husband, lover, one.
And who is she apart? She dares not come
To join the crowd, yet cannot rest at home:
With what strong interest looks she at the waves,
Meeting and clashing o'er the seamen's graves!
'Tis a poor girl betrothed—a few hours more,
And *he* will be a corpse upon the shore.

CRABBE.

SILENCE AFTER THUNDER.

Hast thou not marked, when o'er thy startled head,
Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has rolled,
How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead
Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold?
The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold,
The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still,
The wall-flower waves not on the ruined hold,
Till, murmuring distant first, then near and shrill,
The savage whirlwind wakes, and sweeps the groaning hill.

SCOTT.

A CALM AT SEA.

The night is clear,
The sky is fair,
The wave is resting on the ocean;
And far and near,
The silent air,
Just lifts the flag with faintest motion.

There is no gale
To fill the sail,
No wind to heave the curling billow;
The streamers droop,
And, humbling, stoop,
Like boughs that crown the weeping willow.

From off the shore,
Is heard the roar
Of waves in softest motion rolling;
The twinkling stars
And whispering airs,
Are all to peace the heart controlling.

The moon is bright,
Her ray of light,
In silver, pales the blue of heaven;
Or tints with gold,
Where lightly rolled,
Like fleecy snow, the rack is driven.

How calm and clear
The silent air!
How smooth and still the glassy ocean;
While stars above,
Seem lamps of love,
To light the temple of devotion.

PERCIVAL. (*American.*)

EVENING CALM

ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more:

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentered in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

THE RAINBOW.

I.

MEANTIME, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal Bow
Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton! the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting to the sun, thy showery prism,
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light by thee disclosed,
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering, views the bright enchantment bend
Delightful o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but, amazed,
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away.

THOMSON.

THE RAINBOW.

II.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,

For happy spirits to alight,
  Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
  Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
  Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science, from creation's face
  Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
  To cold material laws!

And yet, fair Bow, no fabling dreams,
  But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
  Was woven in the sky.

When, o'er the green undeluged earth,
  Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth,
  To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
  O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
  To bless the Bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
  The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
  And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,
  Unraptured, greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
  Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
  The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
  The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town!
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

THE RAINBOW.

III.

When the floods of the Deluge to ocean had rolled,
And the green mantled hills reappeared;
When the valleys unfolded their blossoms of gold,
And Noah, the patriarch, came forth from his hold,
The voice of Jehovah was heard—
The voice of Jehovah brought tidings of bliss
To the world late entombed in the fearful abyss.

" The smoke of thine offering hath come up on high,
Thou father of nations to be!
And now I my Rainbow shall set in the sky,
When tempests are dark to thy terrified eye,
That shall bring consolation to thee—
To thousands of thousands that after thee tread
The regions of life to the realms of the dead.

" It is for a sign that I never again
With waters shall cover the earth:
And the birds in the arbours shall warble their strain,
And the cattle shall browse on the nourishing plain,
And give to their progeny birth;
And die as they died by the curse that I spoke,
When my covenant of old by thy father was broke.

" And thou, Noah, thou art preserved for thy worth,
To repeople the desolate world :
To the climes of the south, to the isles of the north,
To the east and the west, shall thy children go forth,
With the white flags of ocean unfurled—
To publish my praises throughout every land,
And the judgments of vengeance that come from my hand.

" And seed-time and harvest shall duly be given
To the hopes and the hands of mankind ;
And summer and winter, and morning and even,
And the dew-drops of earth, and the light rays of heaven,
And the cloud, and the rain, and the wind—
While earth on her orbit is destined to run,
And give her green breast to the beams of the sun."

KNOX.

THE EVENING RAINBOW.

Mild arch of promise ! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee ; for the day,
Changeful and many-weathered, seemed to smile,
Flashing brief splendour through its clouds a while,
That deepened dark anon, and fell in rain:
But pleasant it is now to pause and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that Piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the realm where sorrows cease.

SOUTHEY.

A SUMMER CLOUD.

As though an angel, in his upward flight,
Had left his mantle floating in mid air.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE CLOUDS.

I.

O PAINTED Clouds! sweet beauties of the sky!
How have I viewed your motion and your rest,
When, like fleet hunters, ye have left mine eye,
In your thin gauze of woolly-fleecing drest;
Or in your threatened thunder's grave black vest,
Like black deep waters slowly moving by;
Awfully striking the spectator's breast
With your Creator's dread sublimity,
As admiration mutely views your storms.
And I do love to see you idly lie,
Painted by heaven as various as your forms,
Pausing upon an eastern mountain high.

CLARE.

THE CLOUDS.

II.

YE glorious pageants! hung in air
To greet our raptured view;
What in creation can compare,
For loveliness, with you?

This earth is beautiful, indeed,
And in itself appeals
To eyes that have been taught to read
The beauties it reveals.

Its giant mountains, which ascend
To your exalted sphere,
And seem at times with you to blend
In majesty austere:

Its lovely valleys, forests vast;
Its rivers, lakes, and seas;
With every glance upon them cast,
The sight, the sense must please.

When through the eastern gates of heaven
The sun's first glories shine;

Or when his gentlest beams are given
  To gild the day's decline;

All glorious as that orb appears,
  His radiance still would lose
Each gentle charm, that most endears,
  Without your softening hues.

When these, with his refulgent rays,
  Harmoniously unite,
Who on your splendid pomp can gaze,
  Nor feel a hushed delight?

'Tis then, if to the raptured eye
  Her aid the Fancy brings,
In you our vision can descry
  Unutterable things!

Not merely mountains, cliffs, and caves,
  Domes, battlements, and towers,
Torrents of light, that fling their waves
  O'er coral rocks and bowers;

Not only what to man is known
  In nature, or in art;
But objects which on earth can own
  No seeming counterpart.

As once the seer in Patmos saw
  Heaven's opening door revealed,
And scenes inspiring love and awe
  To his rapt sight unsealed:

So, in a faint and low degree,
  Through your unfoldings bright,
Phantoms of glory yet to be
  Dawn on the wondering sight.

BARTON.

THE CLOUDS.

III.

O Clouds! ye ancient messengers,
Old couriers of the sky,
Treading, as in primeval years,
Yon still immensity!
In march how wildly beautiful
Along the deep ye tower,
Begirt, as when from chaos dull
Ye loomed in pride and power
To crown creation's morning hour.

Ye perish not, ye passing Clouds!
But, with the speed of time,
Ye flit your shadowy shapes, like shrouds,
O'er each emerging clime;
And thus on broad and furlless wings
Ye float in light along,
Where every jewelled planet sings
Its clear eternal song,
Over the path our friends have gone!

Against that deep and peerless blue
Ye hold your journeying—
That silent birth-place of the dew,
Where life and lustre spring.
And then, how goldenly ye shine
On your immortal way,
Sailing through realms so near divine,
Under the fount of day!
O'er ye concentered glories play.

Ye posters of the wakeless air!
How silently ye glide
Down the unfathomed atmosphere,
That deep—deep, azure tide!
And thus in giant pomp ye go,
On high and reachless range,
Above earth's gladness and its wo,
Through centuries of change.
Your destiny how lone and strange!

Ye bear the bow of beauty—flung
  On your triumphal path,
Splendid as first in joy it hung
  O'er God's retiring wrath.
The promise and the covenant
  Are written on your brow—
The mercy to the sinful sent
  Is bending o'er them now.
Yè bear the memory of the vow.

Ye linger with the silver stars,
  Ye pass before the sun—
Ye marshal elements to wars,
  And when the roar is done,
Ye lift your volumed robes in light,
  And wave them to the world,
Like victory flags o'er scattered fight,
  Brave banners all unfurled—
Still there, though rent and tempest-hurled.

Ye bear the living thunder out,
  Ye pageants of the sky!
Answering with trumpets' brattling shout
  The lightning's scorching eye.
Pale faces cluster under ye,
  Beneath your withering look,
And shaking hearts bow fearfully
  At your sublime rebuke.
Has man his mockery forsook!

And then, in still and summer hours,
  When men sit weary down,
Ye come o'er heated fields and flowers,
  With shadowy pinions on—
Ye hover where the fervent earth
  A saddened silence fills,
And, mourning o'er its strickened mirth,
  Ye weep along the hills.
Then how the wakening landscape thrills!

And thus ye circle countless spheres,
  Old spirits of the skies!

The same through Nature's smiles and tears,
Ye rose on paradise.
I hear a voice from out your shrouds,
That tells me of decay—
For though ye stay not, hurtling Clouds!
Till the last gathering day,
Ye pass like life's dim dreams away.

MELLEN. (*American.*)

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime in the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
  And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
  When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
  Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
  In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath
  Its ardours of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
  From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
  As still as a brooding dove.

That orbëd maiden with white fire laden,
  Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
  By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
  Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
  The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
  Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
  Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
  Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone
  And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
  When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
  Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
  The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
  With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
  Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
  While the moist earth is laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

SHELLEY.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A Cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of Mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

THE STREAM.

Emblem of life! which, still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glides away.

ROGERS.

POWER AND GENTLENESS;

OR,

THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

NOBLE the Mountain Stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness;—thunder in its deafening sound!

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;—

Thence, in a summer shower,
Steeping the rocks around:—O! tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier in my view,
The Streamlet, flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives;—itself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard:—its low plaintive tone
A dirge-like melody
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

What are the trophies gained
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturbed:
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed!

BARTON.

THE TAY.

Thou Queen of Caledonia's mountain floods,
Theme of a thousand gifted bards of yore,
Majestic wanderer of the wilds and woods,
That lovest to circle cliff and mountain hoar,
And with the winds to mix thy kindred roar,
Startling the shepherd of the Grampian glen!
Rich are the vales that bound thy eastern shore,
And fair thy upland dales to human ken;
But scarcely are thy springs known to the sons of men.

O that some spirit at the midnight noon,
Aloft would bear me, middle space, to see
Thy thousand branches gleaming to the moon,
By shadowy hill, grey rock, and fairy lea;
Thy gleesome elves disporting merrily
In glimmering circles by the lonely dell,
Or by the sacred fount, or haunted tree,
Where bowed the saint, as hoary legends tell,
And Superstition's last, wild, thrilling visions dwell!

To Fancy's eye the ample scene is spread;
The yellow moonbeam sleeps on hills of dew,
On many an everlasting pyramid
That bathes its grey head in celestial blue.
These o'er thy cradle stand the guardians true,
The eternal bulwarks of the land and thee,
And evermore thy lullaby renew
To howling winds and storms that o'er thee flee:
All hail, ye battlements of ancient liberty!

There the dark raven builds his dreary home;
The eagle o'er his eyrie raves aloud;
The brindled fox around thee loves to roam,
And ptarmigans, the inmates of the cloud;
And when the Summer flings her dappled shroud
O'er reddening moors, and wilds of softened grey,
The youthful swain, unfashioned, unendowed,
The brocket and the lamb may round thee play:
These thy first guests alone, thou fair, majestic Tay!

But bear me, spirit of the gifted eye,
Far on thy pinions eastward to the main,
O'er garish glens and straths of every dye,
Where oxen low, and waves the yellow grain;
Where beetling cliffs o'erhang the belted plain;
In spiral forms, fantastic, wild, and riven;
Where swell the woodland choir and maiden's strain,
As forests bend unto the breeze of even,
And in the floods beneath wave o'er a downward heaven.

HOGG.

THE YARROW.

And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness.

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender, hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection:
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love:
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary!

The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom;
For sportive youth to play in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss:
It promises protection
To studious ease, and generous cares,
And every chaste affection!

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild wood's fruits to gather,
And on my true-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,
They melt—and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow,
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

WORDSWORTH.

THE MOHAWK RIVER.

From rise of morn till set of sun,
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run:
And as I marked the woods of pine,
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I viewed the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frowned, and flowers that smiled,
Flying by every green recess,
That wooed him to its calm caress;
Yet sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind.
Oh! I have thought, and, thinking, sighed,
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along the water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of wo,
And flowers of joy my path may go:
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!
But urgent, as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I see the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the lost current cease to run!
O may my falls be bright as thine!
May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs on thee!

MOORE.

THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

O! I have seen the Falls of Clyde,
And never can forget them;

For Memory, in her hours of pride,
'Midst gems of thought will set them,
With every loving thing allied—
I will not now regret them!

And I have stood by Bonniton,
And watched the sparkling current
Come, like a smiling wood-nymph, on—
And then—a mighty torrent!
With power to rend the cliffs anon,
Had they not been before rent.

And I have been in Balfour's cave;
But why hath chisel wrought it,
Since he, the brutal—but the brave,
In sore constraining sought it?
Dark days! when savage fought with slave,
Heroically fought it.

And I have hung o'er Burley's leap,
And watched the streams all blending,
As down that chasm so dark and steep,
The torrents were descending;
How awful is the chaos deep—
Those rocks so high impending!

And I have worshipped Corra Linn,
Clyde's most majestic daughter;
And those eternal rainbows seen,
That arch the foaming water;
And I have owned that lovely queen,
And cheerful fealty brought her.

And I have wandered in the glen,
Where Stone-byres rolls so proudly;
And watched, and mused, and watched again,
Where cliff, and chasm, and cloud lie,
Listening, while Nature's denizen
Talks to the woods so loudly.

Yes! I have seen the Falls of Clyde,
And never can forget them;
For Memory, in her hours of pride,
'Midst gems of thought will set them,
With life's most lovely scenes allied—
I will not now regret them!

BOWRING.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
When I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot that man makes
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

BRAINARD.

LOCH LONG.

Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood,*
Great Ocean's self! ('tis he who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills;)
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;

* Loch Long.

And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.
Night fell ; and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew,
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And now the grampus, half descried,
Black and huge above the tide ;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare,
Each beyond each, with giant-feet
Advancing as in haste to meet
The shattered fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain ;
All into midnight-shadow sweep—
When day springs upward from the deep ! *
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour ; and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light !
Glad sign and sure ! for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinart, in the gale ;
And bright indeed the path should be,
That leads to Friendship and to thee !
Oh blest retreat, and sacred too !
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Tolled duly on the desert air,
And crosses decked thy summits blue.
Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her, the lady of the glen.

ROGERS.

LOCH KATRINE.

One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled ;

* A phenomenon described by many navigators.

In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains that, like giants, stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled;
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-Awn heaved high his forehead bare.—
The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine's blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the Lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased Lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright,
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn:
The grey mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisible on fleckëd sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake to bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

SCOTT.

THE SEA.

I.

OH! I shall not forget, until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart;
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er me,
When its billowy boundlessness opened before me!

As I stood on its margin, or roamed on its strand,
I felt new ideas within me expand,
Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of Power!

In the surf-beaten sands that encircled it round,
In the billow's retreat, and the breaker's rebound,
In its white-drifted foam, and its dark-heaving green,
Each moment I gazed, some fresh beauty was seen.

And thus, while I wandered on Ocean's bleak shore,
And surveyed its vast surface, and heard its waves roar,
I seemed wrapt in a dream of romantic delight,
And haunted by majesty, glory, and might!

BARTON.

THE SEA.

II.

O THOU vast Ocean! Ever-sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance nor change

Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-wakened air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again, and vanish: the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And Winter always winds his sullen horn
When the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken when the Summer flies.
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element,
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity, Eternity, and Power.

PROCTER.

THE SEA.

III.

THE Sea! the Sea! its lonely shore;
Its billows, crested white!
The clouds which flit its bosom o'er;
Or sunbeams dancing bright:
The breakers bursting on the strand,
In thunder to the ear;
The frowning cliff, the silvery sand,
Each, all to me are dear.

The Sea! the Sea! oh, tell me not
Of Art's trumphant power!
Its proudest trophies are forgot
In one lone sea-side hour;

Yon giant bark that breasts the tide,
  Though beautiful and brave,
Beats not the curlew in its pride,
  Which mounts the stormiest wave.

The Sea! the Sea! the moonlit Sea!
  How calm its slumbering tides!
A weather-shore upon her lee,
  The bark in safety glides:
The steersman keeps his watch alone,
  What time his messmates sleep,
While to the strand, in gentlest tone,
  The murmuring billows creep.

The Sea! The Sea! the stormy Sea!
  How dreadful in its wrath!
When, bounding o'er the billows free,
  The bark pursues her path:
A hidden rock arrests her keel;
  She founders in the surge;
Her seamen's knell the thunder-peal,
  The howling winds their dirge.

The Sea! the Sea! the treasured Sea!
  What mines of wealth untold!
Could human art but set them free,
  Thy hidden coffers hold:
The spoil of navies in their might,
  The young, the fair, the brave;
With pearls and gems of lustre bright,
  All sleep beneath thy wave.

The Sea! the Sea! the glorious Sea!
  What has the earth so fair,
Of hill or valley, grove or lea,
  Which may with it compare?
Oh! I could sit for hours to look
  Upon its wide expanse;
And read in its unwritten book,
  Fresh charms at every glance.

The Sea! the Sea! the solemn Sea!
It has a voice for all;
And even to hearts of happiest glee
May sober thoughts recall.
To me it speaks of distant days,
Of vanished hopes and fears;—
Who silently can on it gaze
With eyes undimmed by tears?

The Sea! the Sea! the changeless Sea!
Of tears I take my leave;
It half recalls a smile from me
To think for what I grieve:
The hopes and fears I sorrowed o'er
Were hopes and fears of *time;*
Thou art the type of something more
Unchanging and sublime.

BARTON.

THE SEA.

IV.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward:—from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BYRON.

THE SEA.

V.

A SUMMER AND WINTER VIEW.

TURN to the watery world! but who to thee
(A wonder yet unviewed) shall paint—the Sea?
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,
Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun,
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrowned and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on Ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat the experienced eye.—
Be it the summer-noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Like twinkling streams in bright confusion move;
(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends)—
Then the broad bosom of the Ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchored; for they glide
On the still Sea, urged solely by the tide;
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more?
Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
The quiet surface of the Ocean shake;
As an awakened giant with a frown,
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.—
View now the winter-storm! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken all the skies o'ershroud;
The unwieldy porpoise through the day before,
Had rolled in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid, and sometimes showed his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change ; the waves so swelled and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells ;
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase ;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch ;
Curled as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then re-flowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.—
The Ocean too has winter-views serene,
When all you see through densest fog is seen ;
When you can hear the fishers near at hand
Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand ;
Or sometimes them and not their boat discern,
Or, half-concealed, some figure at the stern ;
The view's all bounded, and from side to side
Your utmost prospect but a few ells wide :
Boys who, on shore, to sea the pebble cast,
Will hear it strike against the viewless mast ;
While the stern boatman growls his fierce disdain,
At whom he knows not, whom he threats in vain.—
'Tis pleasant then to see the nets float past,
Net after net till you have seen the last ;
And as you wait till all beyond you slip,
A boat comes gliding from an anchored ship,
Breaking the silence with the dipping oar,
And their own tones, as labouring for the shore ;
Those measured tones which with the scene agree,
And give a sadness to serenity.

CRABBE.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty Sea,
For ever and the same !
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,
Whose thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hushed is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness, or mirth.

The Dorian flute, that sighed of yore
Along thy wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill:

And Memnon's, too, hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone,
And the songs, at Rome's high triumphs poured,
Are with her eagles flown:

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang
O'er stream and mountain free,
And the hymn the learned Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou Deep,
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony!

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound
E'en as when first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
Where crowning cities rose!
Thou speak'st of One that doth not change—
So may our hearts repose.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE TREASURES OF THE SEA.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
  Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main!
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
  Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!
          We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more!—What wealth untold,
  Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
  Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main!
          Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more!—Thy waves have rolled
  Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
  Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
          Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the Billows and the Depths have more!
  High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,—
  The battle-thunders will not break their rest,
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!—
          Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—Those for whom
  The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
  And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,—
          But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
  Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!
  Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
          Restore the dead, thou Sea!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE SEA SHORE.

I LOVED to walk where none had walked before,
About the rocks that ran along the shore;
Or far beyond the sight of men to stray,
And take my pleasure when I lost my way.
For then 'twas mine to trace the hilly heath,
And all the mossy moor that lies beneath.
Here had I favourite stations where I stood,
And heard the murmurs of the ocean-flood,
With not a sound beside, except when flew
Aloft the lapwing, or the grey curlew,
Who with wild notes my fancied power defied,
And mocked the dreams of solitary pride.
I loved to stop at every creek and bay
Made by the river in its winding way,
And call to memory—not by marks they bear,
But by the thoughts that were created there.
Pleasant it was to see the sea-gulls strive
Against the storm, or in the ocean dive,
With eager scream; or when they dropping gave
Their closing wings to sail upon the wave:
Then as the winds and waters raged around,
And breaking billows mixed their deafening sound;
They on the rolling deep securely hung,
And calmly rode the restless waves among.
Nor pleased it less around me to behold,
Far up the beach, the yeasty sea-foam rolled;
Or from the shore upborne, to see on high
Its frothy flakes in wild confusion fly:
While the salt spray that clashing billows form,
Gave to the taste a feeling of the storm.

CRABBE.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

I.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast;
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest!

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

MOORE.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

II

How rich the wave, in front imprest
With evening twilight's summer hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent path pursues!
And see, how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past, so smiling!
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterer beguiling.
Such views the youthful bard allure,
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.

WORDSWORTH.

THE DELUGE.

I.

Morn came: but that broad light which hung so long
In heaven forsook the showering firmament.
The clouds went floating on their fatal way.
Rivers had grown to seas: the great sea swollen,
Too mighty for his bound, broke on the land,
Roaring and rushing, and each flat and plain
Devoured.—Upon the mountains now were seen
Gaunt men and women hungering with their babes,
Eying each other, or, with marble looks,
Measuring the space beneath swift-lessening.
At times a swimmer, from some distant rock,
Less high, came struggling with the waves, but sank
Back from the slippery soil. Pale mothers then
Wept without hope, and aged heads struck cold

By agues, trembled like autumnal leaves;
And infants moaned, and young boys shrieked with fear.
Stout men grew white with famine. Beautiful girls,
Whom once the day languished to look on, lay
On the wet earth, and wrung their drenchëd hair;
And fathers saw them there, dying, and stole
Their scanty fare, and, while they perished, thrived.
Then terror died, and grief, and proud despair,
Rage, and remorse, infinite agony,
Love in its thousand shapes, weak and sublime,
Birth-strangled; and strong passion perished.
The young, the old, weak, wise, the bad, the good
Fell on their faces, struck,—whilst over them
Washed the wild waters in their clamorous march.—
Still fell the flooding rains. Great Ossa stood
Lone, like a peering Alp, when vapours shroud
Its sides, unshaken in the restless waves:
But from the weltering deeps Pelion arose
And shook his piny forehead at the clouds,
Moaning; and crowned Olympus all his snows
Lost from his hundred heads, and shrank aghast.
Day, eve, night, morning came and passed away.
No sun was known to rise and none to set:
'Stead of its glorious beams a sickly light
Paled the broad east what time the day is born:
At others a thick mass, vaporous and black,
And form like solid marble, roofed the sky,
Yet gave no shelter.—Still the ravenous wolf
Howled, and wild foxes, and the household dog,
Grown wild, upon the mountains fought and fed
Each on the other. The great eagle still
In his home brooded, inaccessible;
Or, when the gloomy morning seemed to break,
Floated in silence on the shoreless seas.
Still the quick snake unclasped its glittering eyes,
Or shivering hung about the roots of pines;
And still all round the vultures flew and watched
The tumbling waters thick with bird and beast;
Or, dashing in the midst their ravenous beaks,
Plundered the screaming billows of their dead.
Beneath the headlong torrents, towns and towers
Fell down, temples all stone, and brazen shrines;
And piles of marble, palace, and pyramid

(King's homes or towering graves) in a breath were swept
Crumbling away. Masses of ground and trees
Uptorn and floating, hollow rocks brute-crammed,
Vast herds, and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts
Bellowing, and vainly with the choking waves
Struggling, were hurried out,—but none returned:
All on the altar of the giant sea
Offered, like twice ten thousand hecatombs.—
Still fell the flooding rains. Still the earth shrank;
And Ruin held his strait terrific way.
Fierce lightnings burnt the sky, and the loud thunder
(Beast of the fiery air) howled from his cloud,
Exulting, towards the storm-eclipsëd moon.
Below, the ocean rose boiling and black,
And flung its monstrous billows far and wide,
Crumbling the mountain joints and summit hills:
Then its dark throat it bared, and rocky tusks,
Where, with enormous waves on their broad backs,
The demons of the deep were raging loud:
And the sea-lion and the whale were swung
Like atoms round and round.—Mankind was dead;
And birds, whose active wings once cut the air,
And beasts, that spurned the waters,—all were dead:
And every reptile of the woods had died,
Which crawled or stung, and every curling worm:
The untamed tiger in his den, the mole
In his dark home—were choked: the darting ounce,
And the blind adder, and the stork fell down
Dead, and the stifled mammoth, a vast bulk,
Was washed far out amongst the populous foam;
And there the serpent, which, few hours ago,
Could crack the panther in his scaly arms,
Lay lifeless, like a weed, beside his prey.
And now, all o'er the deeps corses were strewn,
Wide-floating millions, like the rubbish flung
Forth when a plague prevails; the rest, down sucked,
Sank, buried in the world-destroying seas.

PROCTER.

THE DELUGE.

II.

When o'er the mountains rose the orb of day,
And spread o'er vale and plain his cheering ray,
How swelled the human bosom with delight,
As the rich landscape burst upon the sight!
The ripening harvest waved in golden pride,
And clustering vineyards clothed the hillock's side;
Whence rose the song which lightened labour's toil,
As bowed the swain beneath the luscious spoil;
Where the fair valley spread her bosom green,
What varied forms of busy life were seen!
There toiled the hind, the hunter led the chase,
Or the bold warrior moved with martial grace;
Whilst blooming beauty culled the opening flower,
Or led the dance through pleasure's roseate bower;
Then, half-concealed beneath the cedar's shade,
The humble dwelling its white walls displayed;
Or the proud city's loftier domes arise,
Where pomp and grandeur caught the admiring eyes.—
Fair was the scene! but guilt and pain were there;
The tyrant master, and the slave's despair;
The haughty brow, that heaven's just God defied,
The lust of pleasure, and the rage of pride;
There from their bowls the midnight revellers reel;
There the fell murderer grasps the reeking steel:
By rapine led, the plunderers track their way,
Through waste and slaughter to their hapless prey;
Vile idol-gods pollute each shady grove,
And wanton beauty melts in lawless love;
Whilst age and infancy lament in vain,
Or bleed, the victims of the impious train.
Mustering his wrath, awhile his anger stayed;
Till full their cup, the Lord of heaven delayed
To pour his vengeance.—As the whirlwind sleeps,
E'er o'er the main with furious blast it sweeps,
Then burst at once, on earth's astonished train,
The raging tempest and tremendous rain;
Whilst pealing thunders heaven's vast concave rend,
And, struck by lightning, rolling rocks descend;
High heaves the ocean's bed—the o'erwhelming tide
Rushes against the mountain's yielding side.—

'Tis vain for succour to these hills to fly,
For now not even their loftiest tops are dry:
Beast, man, and city, share one common grave,
And calm above them rolls the avenging wave,
Whilst yon dark speck, slow-floating, now contains
Of beast or human life the sole remains.

MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

ROME.

I.

TIME has but touched, not sealed in gloom
The turrets of almighty Rome;
The same deep stream which tossed of yore
The infants in their ark ashore,*
Whose power, since deified, has piled
This seven-hilled city in the wild,
Yet in its yellow lustre roves
By marble halls and holy groves.
Yet on its mount, the pillared shrine
August, of Jove Capitoline,
Rich with the spoils which war translates,
The plunder of a thousand states,
Though grey with age or thunder's scars,
Looks in proud triumph to the stars;
Its portals passed, its threshold trod
By white-robed Flamens of the god.
Ascended by its hundred stairs,
The rough Tarpeian yet declares
His fate who freed its fane too well,
Who vainly watched and sternly fell.
Structures of piety and prayer,
Domes towering over temples, there
The busy Forum overlook,—
The scene when Junius Brutus shook
Fiercely his imprecating sword,
And smiled on liberty restored.
And here the Rostrum, at whose foot
Grief rose to rage, and rage grew mute,
As Pity dropt, or Passion flung

* Romulus and Remus.—See Plutarch.

Honey or gall from Tully's tongue.
There, where the great and glorified
On marble pedestals abide,
With gods that make the skies their home,
The vast Pantheon's pillared dome
Heaves into heaven. With shout and song,
As rushing cars urge cars along,
There the live circus hums, and spreads
Its gladness o'er ten thousand heads,—
Sons of a race once armed with power,
  Omnipotent in danger's day,
And still commanding, though their hour
  Of earlier worth has passed away:
Though wronged Camillus wars not now,
Nor Cincinnatus leaves the plough,
Mutius a tyrant's wrath disarms,
Fabricius awes, nor Scipio charms,
Nor Regulus his pangs defies,
Looks back on Rome, and grandly dies.

WIFFEN.

ROME.

II.

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;

The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly-hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free.

BYRON.

ROME.

III.

I AM in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me!
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!
Thou art in Rome! the City that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (What but here and there

A reed-roofed cabin by a river side ?)
Grew into every thing ; and, year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandize,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But hand to hand and foot to foot, through hosts,
Through nations numberless in battle array,
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.
Thou art in Rome! the City where the Gauls,
Entering at sunrise through her open gates,
And, through her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw gods, not men;
The City, that, by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of wo,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished.—There, as though
Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld
All things that strike, ennoble—from the depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her groves, her temples—all things that inspire
Wonder, delight! Who would not say the Forms
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
Flocked thither to abide eternally,
Within those silent chambers where they dwell,
In happy intercourse ?—And I am there!
Ah, little thought I, when in school I sate,
A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the Appian, once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors sealed up and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead—to turn
Toward Tiber, and, beyond the City-gate,
Pour out my unpremeditated verse,
Where on his mule I might have met so oft
Horace himself—or climb the Palatine,
Dreaming of old Evander and his guest,
Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,

Long while the seat of Rome, hereafter found
Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
Engendered there, so Titan-like) to lodge
One in his madness ;* and, the summit gained,
Inscribe my name on some broad aloe-leaf,
That shoots and spreads within those very walls
Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine,
Where his voice faltered and a mother wept
Tears of delight!—But what the narrow space
Just underneath ? In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as though Ruin in a frantic mood
Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to show his handiwork not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple. It was once,
And long, the centre of their Universe,
The Forum—whence a mandate, eagle-winged,
Went to the ends of the earth. Let us descend
Slowly. At every step much may be lost.
The very dust we tread stirs as with life ;
And not the lightest breath that sends not up
Something of human grandeur. We are come,
Are now where once the mightiest spirits met
In terrible conflict ; this, while Rome was free,
The noblest theatre on this side Heaven!
Here the first Brutus stood, when o'er the corse
Of her so chaste all mourned, and from his cloud
Burst like a god. Here, holding up the knife
That ran with blood, the blood of his own child,
Virginius called down vengeance.—But whence spoke
They who harangued the people ; turning now
To the twelve tables, now with lifted hands
To the Capitoline Jove, whose fulgent shape
In the unclouded azure shone far off,
And to the shepherd on the Alban mount
Seemed like a star new-risen ? Where were ranged
In rough array, as in their element,
The beaks of those old galleys, destined still‡
To brave the brunt of war—at last to know
A calm far worse, a silence as in death ?

* Nero. ‡ The Rostra.

All spiritless; from that disastrous hour
When he, the bravest, gentlest of them all,*
Scorning the chains he could not hope to break,
Fell on his sword!—Along the Sacred Way
Hither the triumph came, and, winding round
With acclamation, and the martial clang
Of instruments, and cars laden with spoil,
Stopt at the sacred stair that then appeared,
Then through the darkness broke, ample, star-bright,
As though it led to Heaven. 'Twas night; but now
A thousand torches, turning night to day,
Blazed, and the victor, springing from his seat,
Went up, and, kneeling as in fervent prayer,
Entered the Capitol. But what are they
Who at the foot withdraw, a mournful train
In fetters? And who, yet incredulous,
Now gazing wildly round, now on his sons,
On those so young, well-pleased with all they see,
Staggers along, the last?—They are the fallen,
Those who were spared to grace the chariot-wheels;
And there they parted, where the road divides,
The victor and the vanquished—there withdrew;
He to the festal board, and they to die.
Well might the great, the mighty of the world,
They who were wont to fare deliciously,
And war but for a kingdom more or less,
Shrink back, nor from their thrones endure to look,
To think that way! Well might they in their state
Humble themselves, and kneel and supplicate
To be delivered from a dream like this!
Here Cincinnatus passed, his plough the while
Left in the furrow; and how many more,
Whose laurels fade not, who still walk the earth,
Consuls, Dictators, still in Curule pomp
Sit and decide; and, as of old in Rome,
Name but their names, set every heart on fire!
Here, in his bonds, he whom the phalanx saved not, ‡
The last on Philip's throne; and the Numidian, ‖
So soon to say, stript of his cumbrous robe,
Stript to the skin, and in his nakedness

* Marcus Junius Brutus. ‡ Perseus. ‖ Jugurtha.

Thrust under ground, 'How cold this bath of yours!'
And thy proud queen, Palmyra, through the sands*
Pursued, o'ertaken on her dromedary;
Whose temples, palaces, a wondrous dream
That passes not away, for many a league
Illumine yet the desert. Some invoked
Death, and escaped; the Egyptian, when her asp
Came from his covert under the green leaf; †
And Hannibal himself; and she who said,
Taking the fatal cup between her hands, ‡
'Tell him I would it had come yesterday;
For then it had not been his nuptial gift.'
Now all is changed; and here, as in the wild,
The day is silent, dreary as the night;
None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
Savage alike; or they that would explore,
Discuss and learnedly; or they that come,
(And there are many who have crossed the earth)
That they may give the hours to meditation,
And wander, often saying to themselves,
'This was the Roman Forum!'

ROGERS.

REMAINS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, arch-crushed columns strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight:—temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that learning reaped
From her research hath been, that these are walls—
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.

* Zenobia. † Cleopatra. ‡ Sophonisba.

Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus, or Trajan's?—No—'tis that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
Scoffing; and apostolic statues* climb,
To crush the imperial urn whose ashes slept sublime.

BYRON.

THE COLISEUM.

The enormous Coliseum's bulk behold,
Like some lone promontory's storm-rent brow,
That spreads its shadows o'er the deep below,
And back repels the waves in tempest rolled;
A lonely island, in the sea of Time,
On whose deep-rooted base
Ages on ages in their ceaseless race
Strike, and break off, and pass in idle foam,
Forgotten: thus amid the wrecks of Rome
The Coliseum lifts its brow sublime;
And looking down on all that moves below,—
O'er all the restless range,
Where War and Violence have worked their change,
Towers motionless, and wide around it throws
The shadow of its strength—its own sublime repose.
Amid the deep arcades and winding cells
Eternal Silence dwells,
Save when tempestuous whirlwinds, as they sweep
Through chasms yawning wide, huge fragments throw
From the rock's crest, as from a mountain brow;
Or, mingling with the murmur of the air,
O'er altars where of yore a shaft of fire
Rose from the martyr's pyre,
The solitary pilgrim breathes a prayer,
Or grey-stoled brethren at the stated time
In slow procession float, and chant the deep-toned rhyme.
Not deeper felt that silence, that suspense
Of being, that lay here on all around,
When agony of pleasure chained each sense,
In willing horror bound;

* The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul.

While swarm o'er swarm the gathered nations hung;
And where round circles widening circles spread,
And arch outsoaring arch
Bathed in the sunbeams its ambitious head,
Watched, as the dying Gladiator leant
On his sustaining arm, and o'er the wound,
Whence the large life-drops struggled, coolly bent,
And calmly looked on earth,
As one who gradual sinks in still repose,
His eye in death to close
On the familiar spot that viewed his blissful birth.
Unlike the actor on a theatre,
Who feigns the wound unfelt, that Roman died:
He too an actor; and when death drew nigh,
By Rome's tremendous silence glorified,
Firmly sustained his part.
No sound, no gesture, e'er to ear or eye
Betrayed the sufferance of the pang severe,
The hand that grasped his heart,
Save the low pant that marked his lessening breath,
And one last deep-drawn groan—the agony of death.
Shout then, and bursting rapture, and the roar,
Of myriads—then commingling life-streams ran,
And Rome, inebriate, drank the blood of man,
And swelled the human hecatomb with gore,
Of birds and beasts, and monsters of the main;
While death piled up the pyre—the slayers on the slain.—
All, all are swept away,
Who made the world a gazing theatre,
The arena, thundering to their war career.
But thou, enduring monument!
Though thy Cyclopean stones in Rome's dark hour
Built up her fort and tower,
And palaces, whose gloomy grandeur vast
O'er her proud temples darkness cast;
Though all-destructive Time
Has bowed thy crest sublime,
And storms that crushed the rocks thy glory rent;
Though the unsparing earthquake, in its ire
That shook the pillars of the globe below,
Has rocked thee to and fro,
Shattering thy mountain base;

Yet thou, amidst the wrecks of human pride,
Hast heaven and earth defied—
The flame-winged bolt, and War's insatiate sword;
And viewed around thee perish, race on race,
The Goth, the Hun, the Norman, horde on horde,
Vanish without a trace;
All, all who envied Rome in fame,
The echo of her name;
While ages rolled on ages, circling by,
Graved on thy forehead, "Rome's eternity."

SOTHEBY.

THE COLISEUM, BY MOONLIGHT.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches; for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of Heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

BYRON.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—

And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—shall he expire
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

BYRON.

POMPEII.

I.

The shroud of years thrown back, thou dost revive,
Half-raised, half-buried, dead, yet still alive!
Gathering the world around thee, to admire
Thy disinterment, and with hearts on fire,
To catch the form and fashion of the time
When Pliny lived and thou wert in thy prime;
So strange thy resurrection, it may seem
Less waking life than a distressful dream.
Hushed is this once-gay scene, nor murmurs more
The city's din, the crowd's tumultuous roar,
The laugh convivial, and the chiming sound
Of golden goblets with Falernian crowned;
The mellow breathings of the Lydian flute,
And the sweet drip of fountains, as they shoot
From marble basements,—these, all these are mute!
Closed are her springs, unnumbered fathoms deep,
Her splendid domes are one dismantled heap,
Her temples soiled, her statues in the dust,
Her tarnished medals long devoured by rust;

Its rainbow-pavements broken from the bath,
The once-thronged Forum—an untrodden path;
The fanes of love—forgotten cells; the shrines
Of vaunted gods—inurned in sulphur mines;
The abodes of art, of luxury, and taste—
Tombs of their once-glad residents—a waste,
O'er which compassionate years have gradual thrown
The trailing vine, and bid the myrtle moan.

LYRICAL GEMS.

POMPEII.

II.

Let us turn the prow,
And in the track of him who went to die,*
Traverse this valley of waters, landing where
A waking dream awaits us. At a step
Two thousand years roll backward, and we stand,
Like those so long within that awful place,
Immoveable, nor asking, Can it be?—
Once did I linger there alone, till day
Closed, and at length the calm of twilight came,
So grateful, yet so solemn! At the fount,
Just where the three ways meet, I stood and looked,
('Twas near a noble house, the house of Pansa)
And all was still as in the long, long night
That followed, when the shower of ashes fell
When they that sought Pompeii, sought in vain;
It was not to be found. But now a ray,
Bright and yet brighter, on the pavement glanced,
And on the wheel-track worn for centuries,
And on the stepping-stones from side to side,
O'er which the maidens, with their water-urns,
Were wont to trip so lightly. Full and clear,
The moon was rising, and at once revealed
The name of every dweller, and his craft;
Shining throughout with an unusual lustre,
And lighting up this city of the dead.—
Here lived a miller; silent and at rest
His mill-stones now. In old companionship
Still do they stand as on the day he went,

* The elder Pliny.

Each ready for its office—but he comes not.
And here, hard by (where one in idleness
Has stopt to scrawl a ship, and armëd man;
And on the tablet on the wall we read
Of shows ere long to be) a sculptor wrought,
Nor meanly; blocks, half-chiselled into life,
Waiting his call. Here long, as yet attests
The trodden floor, an olive-merchant drew
From many an ample jar, no more replenished;
And here from his a vintner served his guests
Largely, the stain of his o'erflowing cups
Fresh on the marble. On the bench, beneath,
They sate and quaffed and looked on them that passed,
Gravely discussing the last news from Rome.
But lo, engraven on a threshold-stone,
That word of courtesy, so sacred once,
Hail! At a master's greeting we may enter.
And lo, a fairy-palace! every where,
As through the courts and chambers we advance,
Floors of mosaic, walls of arabesque,
And columns clustering in patrician splendour.
But hark, a footstep! May we not intrude?
And now methinks, I hear a gentle laugh,
And gentle voices mingling as in converse!—
And now a harp-string as struck carelessly,
And now—along the corridor it comes—
I cannot err, a filling as of baths!—
Ah, no, 'tis but a mockery of the sense,
Idle and vain! We are but where we were;
Still wandering in a City of the Dead!

ROGERS.

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

Roma, Roma, Roma!
Non è più come era prima.

Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou satst a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
Purpling the street;
Leaders and sceptred men
Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
As gods were seen—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise:
What hast thou left thee now?—
Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
Gloriously bright!
Veiling thy wastes afar
With coloured light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome, for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress-bough,
Temple and tower!

And all sweet sounds are thine,
Lovely to hear,
While night, o'er tomb and shrine,
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim,
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell
On thy soft air
Lingers, and loves to dwell
With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift
Of sudden song,
A charmëd fountain, swift,
Joyous, and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien;—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

MRS. HEMANS.

TIVOLI.

Spirit! who lovest to live unseen,
By brook, or pathless dell,
Where wild woods burst the rocks between,
And floods, in streams of silver sheen,
Gush from their flinty shell!

Or, where the ivy weaves her woof,
And climbs the crag alone,
Haunts the cool grotto, daylight proof,
Where loitering drops that wear the roof,
Turn all beneath to stone;

Shield me from summer's blaze of day,
From noon-tide's fiery gale,
And, as thy waters round me play,
Beneath the o'ershadowing cavern lay,
Till Twilight spreads her veil.

Then guide me where the wandering moon
Rests on Mæcenas' wall,
And echoes at Night's solemn noon
In Tivoli's soft shades attune
The peaceful waterfall.

Again they float before my sight,
The bower, the wood, the glade;
Again on yon romantic height
The sibyl's temple towers in light,
Above the dark cascade.

Down the steep cliff I wind my way,
  Along the dim retreat,
And 'mid the torrent's deafening bray,
Dash from my brow the foam away,
  Where clashing cataracts meet.

And now I leave the rocks below,
  And, issuing forth from night,
View, on the flakes that sunward flow,
A thousand rainbows round me glow,
  And arch my way with light.

Again the myrtles o'er me breathe,
  Fresh flowers my path perfume,
Round cliff and cave wild tendrils wreathe,
And from the groves that bend beneath
  Low trail their purple bloom.

Thou grove, thou glade of Tivoli,
  Dark wood, and rivulet clear,
That wind, where'er you wander by,
A stream of beauty on the eye,
  Of music on the ear:

And thou, that when the wandering moon
  Illumed the rocky dell,
Didst to my charmëd ear attune
The echoes of Night's solemn noon,
  Spirit unseen! farewell!

Farewell!—o'er many a realm I go,
  My natal isle to greet,
Where summer sunbeams mildly glow,
And sea-winds health and freshness blow
  O'er Freedom's hallowed seat.

Yet there, to thy romantic spot
  Shall Fancy oft retire,
And hail the bower, the stream, the grot,
Where earth's sole lord the world forgot,
  And Horace smote the lyre.

SOTHEBY.

THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM. *

They stand between the mountains and the sea;
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not!
The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
Time was, they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods! and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!—
How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
While by some spell rendered invisible,
Or, if approached, approached by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,
And taken to herself what man renounced;
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern,
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!—
From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground.—And am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticos,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.—
The air is sweet with violets running wild †
'Mid broken sculptures and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Sailed slowly by two thousand years ago,
For Athens,—when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan garden, slacked her course.

* The temples of Pæstum are three in number; and have survived nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them; but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

† The violets of Pæstum were as proverbial as the roses. Martial mentions them with the honey of Hybla.

The birds are hushed awhile; and nothing stirs,
Save the shrill-voiced cigala flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick motion,
To vanish in the chinks that time has made.—
In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,
(Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
Across the innumerable columns flung)
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty Genius of the Place!
Walls of some capital city first appeared,
Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn;—
And what within them? what but in the midst
These Three in more than their original grandeur,
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.

ROGERS.

GREECE.

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime;
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl* in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?

* The Rose.

'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

BYRON.

GREECE.

II.

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessëd isles,
Which seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There, mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tint of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,*
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by Nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that Love might share,

* The attachment of the Nightingale to the Rose is a well-known Persian fable. The "Bulbul of a thousand tales," is one of his appellations.

And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar*
Is heard, and seen the evening star;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed,
There man, enamoured of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly wooes him—but to spare!
Strange—that where all is peace beside,
There Passion riots in her pride,
And Lust and Rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevailed
Against the seraphs they assailed,
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!—
He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled;
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,

* The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night, with a steady fair wind, and during a calm. It is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling passed away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!
Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave.
Say is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh, servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires

Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it, many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain bonds and despot sway.

BYRON.

GREECE.

III.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long accustomed bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow*
Thou satst with Thrasybulus and his train,

* Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains; it was seized by Thrasybulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed, unmanned.

In all save form alone, and changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who would but deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenchëd beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from slavery's mournful page.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then mayst thou be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shattered splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

And yet how lovely in thine age of wo,
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;

Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;*
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the grey stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields:
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The battle-field, where Persia's victim-horde

* Of Mount Pentelicus, whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave formed by the quarries still remains, and will to the end of time.

First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
Recording freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied throng;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;
But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste:
But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced!

Not for such purpose were these altars placed:
Revere the remnants nations once revered:
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So mayst thou prosper where thy youth was reared,
By every honest joy of love and life endeared!

BYRON.

THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

Still be that cloud withdrawn—Oh! mark on high,
Crowning yon hill, with temples richly graced,
That fane, august in perfect symmetry,
The proudest model of Athenian taste.
Fair Parthenon! thy Doric pillars rise
In simple dignity, thy marble's hue
Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,
That round thee spread their deep ethereal blue:
And Art o'er all thy light proportions throws
The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny glow,
When morn and eve in tranquil splendour reign,
And on thy sculptures, as the smile, bestow
Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.
Then the fair forms that Phidias wrought, unfold
Each latent grace, developing in light,
Catch from soft clouds of purple and of gold,
Each tint that passes, tremulously bright;
And seem indeed whate'er devotion deems,
While so suffused with heaven, so mingling with its beams.

But oh! what words the vision may portray,
The form of sanctitude that guards thy shrine!
There stands thy goddess robed in war's array,
Supremely glorious, awfully divine!
With spear and helm she stands, and flowing vest,
And sculptured ægis to perfection wrought,
And on each heavenly lineament imprest,
Calmly sublime, the majesty of thought;
The pure intelligence, the chaste repose,—
All that a poet's dream around Minerva throws.

Mark—on the storied frieze, the graceful train,
The holy festival's triumphant throng,
In fair procession, to Minerva's fane,
With many a sacred symbol move along.
There every shade of bright existence trace,
The fire of youth, the dignity of age,
The matron's calm austerity of grace,
The ardent warrior, the benignant sage;
The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's proud mein,
Each ray of beauty caught, and mingled in the scene.

MRS. HEMANS.

THERMOPYLÆ.

They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gales their names seemed sighing:
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain;
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled, mingled with their fame, for ever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is glory's still, and theirs!
'Tis still a watch-word to the earth;—
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head;
He looks to her, and rushes on,
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

BYRON.

PALESTINE.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy woes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its shaggy stone;
While suns unblessed their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?

Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless force, and meagre want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless fear,*
While cold Oblivion 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.
O happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Though weak, and whelmed beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto the desolate;
Yet shalt thou rise;—but not by war restored,
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword:
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring—
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall ten-fold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
Even now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
That mighty angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

HEBER.

HEBREW HYMN.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen!
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And, oh! when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn:
But thou hast said,—" The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SCOTT.

JERUSALEM BEFORE THE SIEGE.

TITUS. It must be—
And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crownëd hill we stand,

Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still and nearer
To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle-dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
And down the long and branching porticos,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.

MILMAN.

JERUSALEM.

Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!
  Silence is o'er thy plains!
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
  Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
  On Etham's barren shore!
The fire from heaven that led thee
  Now lights that path no more!

Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem;
  Once she was all thine own:
Her love thy fairest heritage,
  Her power thy glory's throne,

Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree,
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than thee.

Then sank the star of Solyma,
Then passed her glory's day,
Like heath that in the wilderness
The light wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod;
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reigned as God.

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors,
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's.
Tell Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones she 'll tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictured scenes
In brighter vision rise,
When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine
On all her mourners' eyes;
And on her mountains beauteous stand
The messengers of peace;—
"Salvation by the Lord's right hand!"
They shout and never cease.

MOORE.

THE SAVIOUR WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

"And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side."—LUKE xix 41—44

O SALEM! who, in proud disdain,
My faithful prophets slew;
And soon, the cup of guilt to drain,
Wilt slay thy Saviour too!

How had my love thy children blest,
Their deeds of blood forgot,
And led them to eternal rest;
But they consented not.

Now shall thy house be desolate,
Thy glory now shall close:
Nor leave one trace of ruined state,
To tell where Salem rose.
Nor shalt thou thy Redeemer see,
Nor hail thy crown restored,
Till thou shalt say, "How blest is he
Whom thou hast sent, O Lord!'

DAI I

A HEBREW MELODY

Exodus XIV.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah hath triumphed—his people are free!
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting!—The Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah hath triumphed—his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord;
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah hath triumphed—his people are free!

MOORE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIANS.

"Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred and fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." ISAIAH xxxvii 36

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever were still,

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

BYRON.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone!

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

HEBER.

THE MILLENIUM

But who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which blinds the nations now?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
[illegible] pain shall cease, and every tear
[illegible] from every eye?

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
  Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
  And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed,
  In peace by all who come;
And every wind that blows shall waft
  Some long-lost exile home.

MOORE

FAREWELL

I

When eyes are beaming
  What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
  From their crystal cell;
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
  Of them that bid farewell!

When hope is chidden
  That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
  In the breast to dwell;
When fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
  Of them that bid farewell!

HEBER

FAREWELL

II

Nay, shrink not from the word "Farewell!"
As if 'twere friendship's final knell!
  Such fears may prove but vain;
So changeful is life's fleeting day,
Whene'er we sever—Hope may say
  We part, to meet again!

Even the last parting earth can know,
Brings not unutterable woe,
To souls that heavenward soar;
For humble faith, with stedfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts, that here at parting sigh,
May meet—to part no more!

BARTON

FAREWELL

III

Farewell!—a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
Ye! who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain!

BYRON

PRINTED BY
GEORGE & ROBERT KING,
ST NICHOLAS STREET, ABERDEEN